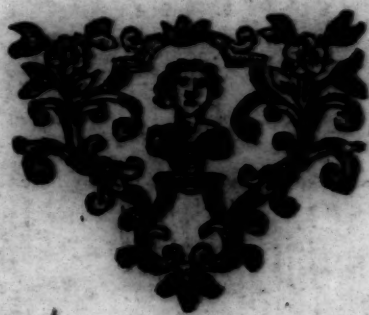


THE
LONDON-CUCKOLDS.
A
COMEDY.

As it is now Acted at Both
THEATRES.

By EDWARD RAVENSCROFT, Gent.



L O N D O N :

Printed for W. FEALES, and Sold by the Booksellers
of London and Westminster.

M.DCC.XXXVII.



PROLOGUE.

Written by a Friend.

WELL, now's your Time, (my Masters of the Pit)

You that delight in Women, Wine, and Wit.

All things, this Winter jump for your Delight,
In Mirth to wear the Day, in Love the Night.

Now Fop may dine with Half-wit ev'ry Noon,
And read his Satire, or his worse Lamoon.

Julian's so furnish'd by these scribbling Sparks,
That he pays off old Scores, and keeps two Clerks.

My Lady with her eldest Daughter, brings to Town
Michaelmas Rent, and vows she'll not go down,
So long as her Sir John is worth a Crown. }

The Theatres are up, and to their Cost,

Must strive by Victory, to please you most :

Both He's and She's must stretch in hopes to gain,

Like your Newmarket Racers, on the Strain.

Faith, give us Jockey-Law, without Deceit, }

Mark the Man's Inches well before their Heat,

And let the Women have their Horseman's Weight. }

For Gallants, many of your Nymphs are come.

At last from their respective Travels home,

Good News for you that love a Boosy Life,

And hate the Lectures of a careful Wife.

That jointur'd Mansion never gives Content, }

Like the convenient, modish Tenement,

That's held by moderate Lease or yearly Rent. }

But if with me Misses would Counsel join,

We'd make the Tenant pay a swinging Fine.

If Celia thoughtless in her Alcove sits,

With Indian Tables pleas'd and Cabinets,

Soon for her Fault, or else some trick of State,

She proves the Turn of an uncertain Fate ;

Then waking, (like the Tinker in the Play)

She finds the golden Vision fled away.

But if you drain your Keeper 'till he's poor,

And have the Wit to lay it up in Store ;

He marries you, in hopes to mend his Life,

And what he lost by th' Mistress, gains in th' Wife.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

WISEACRES}	Two Aldermen of	{ Mr. <i>Shepherd.</i>
DOODLE.	<i>London.</i>	{ Mr. <i>Johnson.</i>
DASHWELL, A City	Scrivener.	Mr. <i>Mills.</i>
Mr. TOWNLY, A Gentleman of the	Times careless of Women, but for-	{ Mr. <i>Miller.</i>
tunate.		
Mr. RAMBLE, A great Designer on	Ladies, but unsuccessful in his In-	{ Mr. <i>Wilks.</i>
trigues.		
Mr. LOVEDAY, A young Merchant,	that had formerly been a Lover of	{ Mr. <i>W. Mills.</i>
<i>Eugenia.</i>		
ROGER, }	Two Footmen to <i>Ramble</i> and	{ Mr. <i>Birkhead.</i>
TOM, }	<i>Townley.</i>	
		{ Mr. <i>Wright.</i>

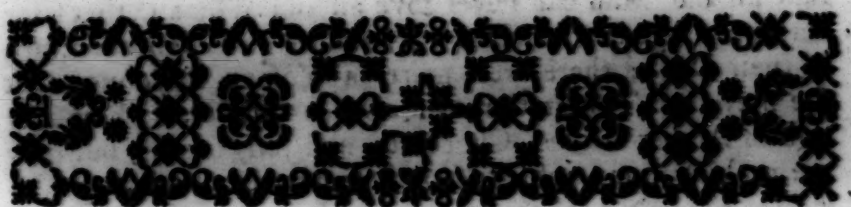
W O M E N.

EUGENIA, Wife to <i>Dashwell</i> , a Hy-	{ Mrs. <i>Willis.</i>
pocrite.	
ARABELLA, Wife to <i>Doodle</i> , a Pre-	{ Mrs. <i>Thurmond.</i>
tender to Wit.	
PEGGY, Bride to <i>Wiseacres</i> , an In-	{ Mrs. <i>Linder.</i>
cent, and Country-bred.	
AUNT, Governess to <i>Peggy.</i>	Mrs. <i>Willis, sen.</i>
ENGINE, Woman to <i>Arabella.</i>	Mrs. <i>Baker.</i>
JANE, <i>Eugenia's</i> Maid.	Mrs. <i>Tenoe.</i>

A Link-boy, Two Chimney-Sweepers, Watchmen.

SCENE, LONDON.

THE



THE
LONDON-CUCKOLDS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Alderman WISEACRES, and DOODLE.

Wife. *WELL*, Mr. Alderman Doodle, you promise to go along with me.

W *Dood.* Yes, I will dispense with Business, since 'tis upon this Occasion : Who else goes ?

Wife. Only Mr. *Dabswell*, our City Scrivener, your Neighbour, who draws the Writings for the Jointure.

Dood. You'll be going as soon as Change is done ?

Wife. Yes, Well, you shall see the most simple, innocent Thing of a Wife : I so hug myself with the thoughts of her !

Dood. What, is she silly, say you ?

Wife. A meer Infant in her Intellects : But for her Bigness you'd take her for a Baby.

Dood. How old is she ?

Wife. But Fourteen.

Dood. An Infant to you indeed : Why you are near Fifty !

Wife. What then ?

Dood. Marry a Fool, and a Child too !

Wife. Ay, to chuse.

Dood. But a discreet Woman of Thirty had been more suitable for you.

Wife. But my Intention is to marry a Woman that will be young when I am old.

Dood. Doubtless an old Man will be very agreeable to a young Woman.

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Wife. I have consider'd that Point too, and am convinc'd that an old Man can never love an old Woman, that's for certain. Age is a sore Decayer, and renders Men backward in their Duty; therefore I marry a Woman so young, that she may be a Temptation to me when I am old. You may talk of Ambercaudles, Chocolate, and Jelly broths, but they are nothing comparable to Youth and Beauty; a young Woman is the only Provocation for old Age, I say.

Dood. Oh, is that your Drift?

Wife. Brother Alderman, I have liv'd long a Batchelor, I begin late, and so wou'd lengthen out my Satisfaction as far as I can.

Dood. I perceive that's as to her Youth: But why do you marry one so silly? Where's the satisfaction of that?

Wife. There you are short of comprehension again: Why a young Wife, that has Wit, will play the Devil with a Husband. Why, you see a young One can hardly keep them from kicking backward in this Age.

Dood. Some such there are at the other End of the Town; but we have few of them here in the City.

Wife. That I might be sure not to be troubled with a witty Wife, I made Choice of a Girl of four Years of Age; one that had no Signs of a pregnant Wit; her Father and Mother were none of the wisest; they dying left this Child to the Care of her Aunt, a good honest decay'd Gentlewoman, but a little soft too; her Portion they recommended to my Hands, to be improv'd for her Use; I plac'd the Aunt and Child in the Country, at a lone House, instructed her to breed her up in all Honesty and Simplicity imaginable; never to let her play amongst Boys and Girls, or have any Conversation with any body but herself; and now bred up to my own Humour, and moulded to my Turn, I am going to reap the Fruits of my long Care and Trouble; for this is she I design for my Wife.

Dood. What need you to bestow all this Pains to make a Fool? were there not Fools enough of Heaven's making?

Wife. Yes, but those Fools, if not meer Ideots and Drivelers, grow wiser by Experience, and by that Time they come to twenty Years of Age, are quite other Things; this forward Age ripens them apace, Girls now at sixteen, are as knowing as Matrons were formerly at sixty. I tell you in these Days they understand *Aristotle's* Problems at twelve Years of Age.

Dood. 'Tis true, nothing in the Nature of Man or Woman is a Secret to them, I'll be sworn Mr. Alderman, the other Day

Day I catcht two young Wenches, the eldest of them not above twelve, reading the beastly, bawdy translated Book, called, *The School of Woman*. O! to say the Truth, 'tis a very forward knowing Age.

Wife. Why, Brother, I hear at that damn'd lewd other end of the Town, there is a Bawd in a Bib and Apron, not to be sold.

Dood. They are no sooner out of their Nurse's Arms, but they run into a Man's.

Wife. To secure myself against all this, I've been at the Charge to breed up a Fool, and will now marry her so young, that I may make a Fool of her all her Life long, and I will keep her, and order her so, as she shall never grow wiser.

Dood. But the chief End of a Wife is to be a comfort and a Companion to a Man, and what Satisfaction can a Husband have to converse with one so simple, that she can scarce tell her right Hand from her left?

Wife. Ignorance is the Mother of Devotion, I can therefore make her do what I will; whate'er I shall say, she will believe, and whate'er I will have her do, she will think it her Duty, and obey for Fear.

Dood. Wou'd you have your Wife a Slave?

Wife. O, much rather than be a Slave to a Wife: A witty Wife is the greatest Plague upon Earth; she will have so many Tricks and Inventions to deceive a Man; and cloak her Villany so cunningly, a Husband must always be upon the Spy, watch when he should sleep; seem to sleep when he should be awake, to secure his Honour against her Inventions; of all which Cares and Troubles he is freed, that has married a Wife who has not Wit enough to offend.

Dood. If my Wife was a Fool, I should always suspect her a Whore; for 'tis want of Wit that makes 'em believe the Flatteries of Men; she that has Sense will discern their Traps and Snares, and avoid 'em: I tell you, Mr. Alderman, a Woman without Sense, is like a Castle without Soldiers, to be taken at every Assault.

Wife. But I say still, Wit is a dangerous Weapon in a Woman, and Simplicity is her best Guard.

Dood. I tell you, Brother *Wifeacre*, you are in the Wrong.

Wife. I tell you, Brother *Doodle*, I am in the Right.

Dood. A Woman with Wit will be cunning enough for Men.

Wife. Ay, and too cunning for her Husband: You have a witty Wife, much good may do you with her.

Dood.

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Dood. And much good may do you with your Fool.

Wife. Better be a Fool than a Wanton,

Enter DASHWELL.

Dood. Better be a Wanton, than both.

Wife. Your Positiveness provokes me.

Dood. And your Want of Reason provokes me.

Wife. You will allow that a witty Wife may be a Slut.

Dood. But a Wife will certainly be one.

Dash. What has ... d this Heat betwixt you?

Wife. O Mr. *Dashwell*, in good Time, you shall be judge now; we are in dispute here, whether it is best for a Man to have a Wife with Wit, or one that's a Fool; which is the safest for a Husband's Reputation, to have a little, laughing, giggling, hightly-tightly, prating, gossiping Wife, such a one as he has married—

Dood. Or a silly, simple, peaking, sneaking, bashful, awkward, ill-bred, Country Girl, that goes with her Toes in, and can't say boh to a Goose; who can only answer, Ay *forsooth*, and No *forsooth*, and stand in awe of her Chambermaid; such a one as my Brother, Alderman *Wiseacres* here has taken Pains to rear for his own proper Use.

Wife. Just such a silly, simple, bashful Thing I am for: I desire my Wife shall have neither Wit nor Money, but what is in my keeping, what need my Wife have Wit to make her loud, talkative, and impertinent, when I have enough for her, and myself too.

Dood. I am for the contrary; now Mr. *Dashwell*, which of us do you think is in the Right?

Dash. In the Right?

Dood. Ay.

Dash. Why, I think you are both in the Wrong.

Wife. Both in the Wrong!

Dood. How can that be?

Dash. Each would be safe in a Wife, as to his Reputation, would you not.

Wife. Yes.

Dash. Then let me tell you for both your Comforts, a Wife that has Wit will out-wit her Husband; and she that has no Wit, will be out-witted by others, besides her Husband; and so 'tis an equal Lay, which makes the Husband a Cuckold first, or oftmost.

Wife. You are a married Man, Mr. *Dashwell*, what Course have you taken?

Dood.

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Dood. Ay, is yours, wife or foolish, tell us that.

Dash. Look you the Security lies not in the foolish Wife, nor in the wife, but in the godly Wife, one that prays, and goes often to Church, mind you me, the religious, godly Wife, and such a one have I.

Wife. O, the godly Wife.

Dood. Meer Hypocrites all: A godly Woman! I would not have my Wife a Church Zealot: How many Cuckolds must there needs be in a Parish, when the Bell tolls twice a Day to Assignations.

Wife. Nor do I like my Wife should be catechised by a smooth fac'd Reader, or a Lecturer; I do'n't know what Doctrine he may put into her.

Dood. I had rather my Wife should have Company, and play at crofs Purposes, and Questions and commands at home, than go to Church to play at hide and seek in a Pew; for my Part, I am scandaliz'd; there are many Pews in the Church, I don't know but—well, I don't like it, and so much good may do you with your godly Wife.

Dash. Well the World has never been of one Mind since there has been above one Man in't, and ne'er will be again, so long as there is two; so let there be an End of this Discourse, and to our Business; where shall I bring the writings to you, that you may read them before you go.

Wife. I will be in half an Hour at *Garsany's* Coffee-House.

Dash. I'll go and acquaint my Wife I'm going out of Town, and meet you there. [Exit.]

Wife. Mr. Alderman, I believe you perceive by my Principles, that I intend my Wife shall be no Gossiper, nor Wife of the Times, to visit, and be visited, even by her own Sex; therefore you need not acquaint your Wife with any Thing of my Marriage, that she may not take it ill, that I make her no Invitation to my Wife? I will marry her To-morrow Morning in private, and she shall live retir'd and private as she had been bred.

Dood. As you please for that.

Wife. You'll meet us anon upon Change?

Dood. I'll tell 'em within I'm going out of Town about Business, and follow you.

Wife. We'll expect you. [Exit.]

Dood. This is an odd Humour; I can't but laugh to think what Sport the Women will make with him, when they hear on't; my Wife will make him mad.

[Enter.]

Enter ARABELLA and ENGINE, laughing.

Arab. } Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha:
Eng. }

Dood. Thou art very merry, Wife, this Morning.

Arab. Ha, ha, ha.

Dood. Prithee, what dost laugh at?

Arab. Lord, Husband! that your Wife was but a Fool! what a fine Time would you have on't?

Dood. What have you over heard our Discourse?

Arab. We have been listening at the Door this half hour.

Eng. Marry, there's a fine Project; marry a Fool! sure he intends to keep her altogether in Hanging Sleeves.

Arab. He had a sting at me in his Discourse; but I'll be reveng'd, if ever I can come to speak to his silly Wife; I'll read her a Chapter of *Wisdom*, shall clear her Understanding.

Eng. I am deceived if this Town don't teach her Wit.

Arab. I am afraid he won't reap as he sows; this is not an Age for the Multiplication of Fools in the Female Sex.

Dood. He has taken great Pains to make her one.

Eng. How far off is this Patron of Innocence!

Dood. But few Miles from *London*; he marries her To-morrow Morning, and brings her home.

Arab. And you, Husband, are to go upon this Piece of Gallantry, to fetch the Lady.

Dood. He desired, and I have promised.

Arab. Are we to expect you home at Dinner?

Dood. No, we shall dine together about Change; there take Coach. Well, Wife, you shall see me again To-morrow; there's a Kiss to remember me till my return again. Adieu. [*Exit.*]

Arab. Adieu, Husband. A Kiss! a slender Diet to live upon till To-morrow this Time; I have a Month's Mind to greater Delights, so shall his Absence upon Justice fare than a dull City Husband, as insipid, and ill-relish'd, as a *Guild-Hall* Dish on a Lord-Mayor's Day. Now, *Engine*, if I durst pursue my Inclinations with the Man you have so often heard me speak of.

Eng. A little Variety, Madam, would be pleasant; always to feed upon Alderman's Flesh is enough to cloy your Stomach.

Arab. He's so sparing on't can never satisfy me.

Eng. Faith, Madam, they that have spare Diet at home may the better be allow'd to look Abroad. Troth, Madam, ne'er lose your Longing.

Arab.

Arab. But now, *Engine*; what Contrivance to let him know it? To write to him would not do so well.

Eng. Troth do, Madam, write to him a little Letter of Raillery, that may look like a Prolick, as it were between Jest and Earnest.

Arab. Writing would shew too great a Forwardness.

Eng. No matter; if a right Cavalier, he will make more hast to relieve a Lady in Distress.

Arab. No, thou shalt go to him; thou hast a pretty good Way of speaking; I'll give thee some general Hints, and leave it to thy Management.

Eng. I'll do my Part, I'll warrant you, Madam.

Arab. Come we'll consider on't.

Eng. There needs but little Consideration in this Case; if you like the Gentleman, I'll secure you the Gentleman shall like you.

Arab. Have a Care how you turn Insurer; Love is a doubtful Voyage.

Eng. Yes, if the Venture be in a leaky Bottom, or such a Slug as your Husband—But in such a well-built Ship, so finely rigg'd as that you speak of, you run no Risk at all; I'll insure you for two in the hundred.

Arab. Well then, thou shalt go see of what Burthen my Lover is, and if he has Stowage Room left for a Heart, contract for mine; but tell him, what foul Weather soever happens, he shall preserve mine, though he throw all the rest over-board.

Eng. That's not to be fear'd in such a tall, stout Ship, so rigg'd and mann'd; methinks I have him in ken already, bearing up briskly to you, spreading all Sails for haste to clap you on board. Methinks I see him lie cross your Hawser already.

Arab. Come Wench, thy tongue runs, and we lose Time.

Eng. I'll regain it in my Expedition.

[Exeunt.

Enter RAMBLE and TOWNLY in Morning Gowns.

Town. Prithee, Ned Ramble, what makes thee so early a riser after so late a Debauch as we made last Night?

Ram. Business, Frank.

Town. Business! what Business can a Gentleman have to make him rise at ten, that went drunk to Bed at four in the Morning.

Ram. I am pursuing an Intrigue, a new Mistress, Frank.

Town. An Intrigue! thou art still upon Intrigues; I never knew any of your Intrigues come to any Thing; there's no Fellow in Town has been so baulk'd as thou hast, in all thy Adventures,

Adventures; you see I never make it my Business to look after Women and yet they fall in my way, and I am successful; whereas, thou art always courting 'em about, and when thou art at the very Scut of them, thou lovest 'em.

Ram. The truth is I have been unfortunate hitherto, I always met with Occasions but never bring 'em to Perfection; yet it is not my Fault neither; for either my Mistress jilts me, Fortune jilts me, or the Devil prevents me. I can never bring it to a home push; when I think I have overcome all Difficulties, and am as sure of a Woman as a Hawk of the Prey he swoops at, Fortune turns her wheel, a Whirlwind blows my Mistress into *Asia*, and I am toss'd to *America*.

Town. Therefore, prithee leave hunting that difficult Game, and learn of me to divert thyself with a Bottle; leave enquiring where there's a pretty Woman, and ask where the best Wine is; take Women as I do, when they come in the way by Accident, you'll ne'er be successful, as long as you make it your Business; Love, like Riches, comes more by Fortune than Industry.

Ram. Perseverance will overcome Destiny; I shall have good Luck in the End.

Town. Never till you make Drinking your chief Diversion. O *Ned* Wine gives a certain Elevation of Spirit, quickens and enlivens the Fancy to that degree, that a Man half boosy shall advance farther with a Woman in one Encounter, than a sober Fellow, as thou art in ten; there's a certain Boldness and Alacrity wanting, which lets a Woman's fancy sink, and grow luke warm, when she was just boiling o'er.

Ram. If I should keep Company but one Week with thee. *Frank Townly*, and drink as we did Yesterday, I should be fit neither for the Society of Women nor Men; I am so squeamish and maukish to Day.

Town. Custom will overcome that; come lets go and find out some honest Fellows, and dine together, and drink away thy Complaints.

Ram. I'll have no more on't. I thank you, this Month.

Town. If I had thought this, I would have lain at my own Lodgings last Night; I consented to lie with you, thinking to have been sure of you all this Day, but since you will be straggling out of my Clutches, cross Fates and thy own Fortune pursue thee.

Ram. Every one in their own Element; let me find the pretty Woman, and take you the good Wine, I envy you not.

Town.

Town. As soon as e'er my Business in *Lombard Street* is done I'll abandon this sober end of the *Town*, where a Man can't steal into a Tavern after eleven o'Clock, for sawcy Constables and Watchmen, that will wait on a Man home against his Will.

Ram. I find a great Conveniency in lodging here, I can be Master of my own Will, and free from all importunate Solicitors, that dun a Man more to go to the Tavern than a Tradesman does for Money.

Enter ROGER with a Letter.

Roger. A Porter, Sir, brought you this Letter.

Ram. A Woman's Hand——hugh!

Town. A bite to draw you into your old Snare; the Consequence will be unlucky.

Ram. No, I fear it not: Where is the Porter?

Roger. He told me it requir'd no Answer.

Ram. Lay my Cloaths ready that I may dress me.

Town. What is the hasty Business? *[Exit. Roger.]*

Ram. A bold Challenger, and I'll not fail to meet the fair Inviter.

Town. Pray tell me; is this a new Amour?

Ram. A new one! I neither know her Name, nor where she lives.

Town. No better acquainted, and yet send you a Summons?

Ram. But we have convers'd together some Time; I have bow'd to her, kist my Hand to her, look'd amorously on her, stood by her, and sigh'd, and whisper'd her cross the Pew, and stole Notes into her Hand.

Town. This is a Church Lady then, some old Countess, or rich Widow, with whom thou dost intend to drudge out a Fortune, and with dry slavish Letchery raise thyself to the Equipage of a Stallion.

Ram. Have better thoughts of your Friend, No, she is neither old nor ugly, nor one whom Fortune has so much blest to put in the State of Widowhood; she is a Wife, young, plump, pretty, and blooming as the Spring.

Town. What is her Husband?

Ram. A Blockheaded City Attorney, a Trudging, Drudging, Curmudging, Petitioning Citizen, that with a little Law and as much Knavery, has got a great Estate.

Town. A Petitioner! Cuckold the Rogue for that very Reason.

Ram. By the Inducement of her Parents she married him against her Inclinations, and now nauseating her Husband's Bed,

rises every Morning at Five or Six with a Pretence to hear Lectures and Sermons, and loathing his Company at home, pretends all Day to be at Prayers, that she may be alone in her Town. And that Billet is from her? [Chamber.

Ram. From her Maid, from whom with a Bribe I learn all this. You shall hear the Contents. [Reads.

SIR,

My Master is going out of Town; and I have work'd upon my Mistress's Inclination to admit you this Night; Be at your Lodging this Evening, and expect me to come and be your Guide to the Happiness you wish for, Your's in all Zeal, Jane.

Town. 'Tis strange a Man should find a Mistress at Church that never goes there.

Ram. 'Tis true: 'Till of late, I have never been at Church since my Father's Funeral, and I had not gonethen, but to conduct him as forward on his way as I could, that he might not return to take the Estate again I got by his Death: Nor had I been near the Church since, but for a sudden Shower of Rain that drove me into the Church-porch for Shelter, and whilst I was standing there, came by this Miracle of a Woman, and wrought my Conversion.

Town. But as often as you have been there you never said your Prayers.

Ram. Only the Love Litany, and some amorous Ejaculations; as thou dear Creature, charming Excellence, ravishing Beauty, heavenly Woman, and such Flights as these; I durst not pray against Temptation, lest Heav'n should have taken me at my Word, and have spoil'd my Intrigue.

Town. Spoken like a Cavalier, P'gad! if thy Inclinations did but lie a little more to the Bottle, thou wouldest be an admirable honest Fellow.

Enter ROGER.

Rog. Sir, there's a Gentlewoman desires to speak with you

Ram. Is she a Lady? [in private.

Rog. An Ingenious attendant, I believe.

Ram. Bring her up. Townly, let me beg your Pardon, and desire you to step into the next Room.

Town. Another Love Ambassadress; I'll withdraw till you give her Audience.

Enter ENGINE and ROGER.

R.g. There's my Master.

[Exit.

Ram. A good morrow to you, fair Mistress.

Eng.

Eng. The like to you Sir, my wish will be successful since I bring you such good News.

Ram. Pray come nearer; what is it pray, and from whom?

Eng. From a fair Lady, Sir. I hope we are in private.

Ram. Fear not; go on.

Eng. Perhaps you will wonder, Sir, and think me confident, when I shall tell you.

Ram. Nothing can make me think amiss of one, that has such auspicious Signs in her Countenance.

Eng. You are pleas'd to flatter me; but pray wonder not, Sir, at my Forwardness, since it is to do so worthy a Person Service, and a Gentleman of such extraordinary Merit as yourself.

Ram. Now you Compliment me; pray let me hear my Good-morrow from those pretty Lips.

Eng. I protest I blush at my Undertaking. But since I am no ways concern'd upon my own Account, I can with better Courage proceed.

Ram. Pray do, you have rais'd me to a wonderful Expectation.

Eng. And yet, when you have consider'd how accomplish'd a Person you are, and how worthily you attract the Eyes of Ladies, you think it then no wonder at all, that a Lady of as great Wit and Beauty, as any the City affords, thinks you the most admirable Person of your own Sex. One that talks of you with so much Delight and Fervency, that I thought it Injustice, even to you, as well as Injurious to her, if I should not acquaint you.

Ram. Be free with me—Pray, who is the Lady, whose Thoughts are so favourable to me?

Eng. A rich Alderman's young Wife, one that has been married about six Months. One so far from City breeding.—

Ram. Good.

Eng. She speaks so prettily in your Praise, and has the tenderest Sentiments in her Thoughts for you.

Ram. Very good.

Eng. And o'er whom you have such an Ascendency, that could she be assur'd, you were one wou'd keep a secret, and with whom her Reputation might be safe—

Ram. She could love me; is it so?

Eng. It is indeed, And says, after such an Assurance, it were no longer in her Power to refuse you any Favour could be expected from a Woman.

Ram. Thou pourest Harmony in my Ears; the sweet Sound strikes upon my Heartstrings, and makes it bound with Joy.

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Take this Gold to encourage thee: Say, where is this obliging Beauty, when shall I see her?

Eng. Her Husband is this Day gone out of Town; now is a convenient Time to make your Addressee.

Ram. Conduct me to her, and let me fall before her with humble Adoration.

Eng. Not till Night, that Darkneſs may ſecure her Reputation from the Cenſure of prying Neighbours; Viſitants of your Garb, and noble Mein, draw all Eyes; be therefore prudent, and approach with Caution and Circumſpection, as Miſers do the Hoard of Wealth they are afraid to loſe.

Ram. I'll think her a Mine of Gold, myſelf the *Indian* that has diſcover'd it, and all the Citizens *Spaniards*, that would rob me of it, ſo ſecretly I will approach.——

Eng. Such Prudence will ſecure a laſting Joy, and long may you reap the Spoils of Love and Beauty.

Ram. But where, where my little Angel-Intelligencer, where is this Bleſſing to be found? Which Way ſhall I direct my uncertain Steps? Or by what Title is ſhe diſtinguiſh'd from other Women, for yet I know her but by theſe Excellencies, the *faireſt* and the *kindeſt* of her Sex?

Eng. Theſe Tablets I took from her; in thoſe you will find her Name, with Characters that will direct you to this Beauty; but confine your Cenſures to juſt Bounds, and interpret not that my Officiouſneſs proceeds from any Command of her's.

Ram. Not in the leaſt.

Eng. 'Tis true, I know the Secrets of her Heart—and ſince I was ſure it would not be diſpleaſing to her, and you were a Party ſo highly deſerving, I took the Liberty, without her Knowledge, to do you both this Piece of Service.

Ram. I can never think amiſs of her Love, nor your Service, but muſt bleſs the Means that conducts me to my Happineſs. Now, pray favour me with ſome farther Knowledge of yourſelf, leſt wanting Opportunity to oblige, I ſhould appear ungrateful.

Eng. My Name is *Engine*; my Inclinations to this fair Perſon leads me to be a Domeſtick in her Family, and ſhe is pleas'd to make me her Confident.

Ram. I rejoice you are ſo nearly concern'd; let my Inter-eſt ſtill be in your Care, and if ſuch ſmall Acknowledgments as theſe can quit my Score, I hope not to die your Debtor.

Eng.

Eng. Your Merits bind me beyond your Gift.

Ram. Dear Mrs. Engine, yours?

Eng. Your Servant, Sir.

[Exit.

Ram. Who's there? Wait down. [Looks in the Books] Now for her Name, and Place of Habitation,—where—Oh here—Mrs. Arabella, Wife to Alderman—

Enter TOWNLY.

Town. Ned, You must pardon my Curiosity, I could not but listen, I heard all the Business; if ever thou prove successful in an Intrigue, it will be this.

Ram. That two Appointments should happen so at the same Time, one to prevent the other.

Town. If you are doubtful which to chuse, e'en throw up crofs or pile.

Ram. No, I resolve to attempt the other first, because I know the Person, I am sure she pleases me; what Perfections this has, are yet unknown to me, therefore with more Ease neglected.

Town. Who is this Woman? What's her Name?

Ram. Excuse me there; it is not like a Gallant Man, to reveal a Lady's Name: That and her Place of Habitation are here set down in fair Characters. Thus was the happy Secret entrusted to me.

[Shows the Tablets.

Town. Ha! Let me but observe the Out side.

Ram. Look no longer, 'tis not of your Acquaintance.

Town. Not know it, 'twas mine once.

Ram. No, no, thou art deceiv'd: Thine!

Town. Mine; I know it by the Clasps, pray look on the Inside of the Cover, and see if there be not a Cupid drawn with a Red-lead Pen.

Ram. 'Gad, Frank, thou hast guess'd right, here is.

Town. 'Tis then the same; the Woman I gave it to, is the Person of all the World I must fancy.

Ram. Was she very handsome?

Town. I know not the Charms of her Face, 'tis her Wit I admire.

Ram. Has it been then a Night-Intrigue, and carried on in the Dark?

Town. No, I have seen her often in a Vizard at Plays, she has a delicate Shape, and a pretty, pretty Hand; she once shew'd me that for a Sample, and if her Skin all over be like

that, Snow was never whiter, no Alabaster half so sleek and polish'd.

Ram. Yet should her Face not be answerable.

Town. Oh, she has a Tongue would charm a Man! she is all Air, Mirth, and Wit,—but I had her own Word for't, that her Face was no Disparagement to her Body.

Ram. But for all that, this may be some common Town Lady.

Town. No, no, she had Rings and Jewels, too valuable to be one of those; she was Roguish, but not impudent, Witty, but not Rampant, without doubt, she has a Husband that is proud of her, and takes Delight to hear her talk; for I observ'd a kind of City Elder always sit a little distance from her, who listen'd to her Raillery with the Sparks, and seem'd pleas'd in his Countenance when she was smart in her Reparties upon little Cock-crills of the Pit, that came flirting at her with their sparring Blows.

Ram. And fighting at a Distance might be on purpose to give her Opportunity to exercise her Talent.

Town. Questionless 'twas so; for with this Man she always went out when the play was done.

Ram. But how came she by these Tablets?

Town. I was humming a new Song one Day in the Pit, and she ask'd me if I could give it her. I had it written down there; I presented the Book to her, but could hardly force it on her, because she thought it of some Value.

Ram. But took it at last.

Town. Yes, upon Condition I would accept the Book again the next time we met in the Pit.

Ram. I'm glad to hear her Character, and now am more dissatisfy'd that one Intrigue should cross the other.

Town. Since it so falls out, give me the Directions and I will go in your Place.

Ram. Thank you for that.—

Town. You can secure but one to yourself; you'll certainly lose her you disappoint.

Ram. No, no; I'll keep two Strings to my Bow; if any Accident cross my Design, I have the other Lady in Reserve; and now I think myself secure above the Malice of Fortune, and laugh at all her former Spite.

Town. I know thou art positive, ill-natur'd, and hard hearted, and wouldst not part with one if thou hadst twenty; but for Punishment I wish thee the same Curse I do to Misers that hoard up Gold, and wou'd not part with any to save

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a Man from starving ;—which is, that you may be robb'd of all, and after hang thyself with Grief for the Loss.

Ram. Alas, *Frank Townly*, I thought you could not be in love with any Thing but a Bottle : What would you leave all your merry Friends for a Woman ? They'll take it unkindly.

Town. Evil Fates are boding o'er thy Head, and so, Churl, farewell.

Ram. Spite of thy Prophecy, meet me To-morrow Morning, and I'll tell thee such pleasant Stories of this Night's Joys, thou shalt for ever be converted from Wine to Women.

*Women are Miracles the Gods have given,
That by their Brightness we may guesst at Heaven.*



ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter EUGENIA, and JANE.

Jane. **M**Adam, Mr. *Ramble* will be here presently.

Eug. Well, *Jane*, tho' I love Mr. *Ramble*, yet are not my Inclinations so much in Fault as your Counsels ; for had you not perswaded me, I should never have consented to his coming to Night in my Husband's Absence.

Jane. I vow to you, Madam, it grieved me to see how the poor Gentleman sigh'd, and look'd pale, and watch'd all Opportunities to see you, and how constantly he came to Church ; where, but for your Sake, I dare swear, he would as soon be hang'd as come ; and then, what Complaints did he make of your Reservedness, when, I knew it was against your Conscience to deny him, for I was sure you lov'd him.

Eug. I did so, *Jane* ; ah ! were my Husband but such a Man, how happy a Creature should I be ! But I was forc'd to marry him to please my Parents.

Jane. 'Tis then your Turn to please yourself now with a Gallant, to supply the Defects of a Husband ; when a Man will press a Woman to marry against her Inclinations, he lays the Foundation himself of being a Cuckold after : Troth, Madam think

think no more of your Husband, but of your Gallant, the Man you love, who is this Night to come to your Embraces; I'll warrant you, you'll not repent your self To-morrow Morning.

Eug. If unexpectedly my Husband should return—

Jane No fear of that.

Eug. Hark, somebody knocks; run to the Door.

SCENE II. Enter LOVEDAY, meanly habited in Black.

Jane. Whom would you speak with, Sir?

Love. Is Mr. Daywell within?

Jane. He is out of Town, and returns not till To-morrow.

Love. Is his Lady at home?

Jane. Yes, ———there she is.

Eug. Your Business, Sir?

Love. I have Letters to him from his Brother at *Hamburgh*, the Merchant, in which he recommends me to him for a Servant, or at least a short Entertainment in his Family, till I have dispatch'd some Business he is pleas'd to employ me in.

Eug. Jane. this is unlucky; what shall we do? His being in the House will put a Restraint on our Freedom to Night.

Jane No, Madam, I'll dispatch him to Bed; do but you give Orders, and then let me alone.

Eug. My Husband will be in Town To-morrow, and then he will resolve you if he wants a Servant; my House is not well provided of Beds at present; you must be content with a Lodging in the Garret: *Jane* take Care to see him lodg'd, I am sleepy, and will go to my Chamber. *Jane*, make haste, for I am not well. [Exit *Eugenia*.

Jane. Come, Sir, you have rid a long Journey to Day, and may be weary, I'll shew you to your Chamber, there's a Bed ready.

Love. I came but from *Canterbury* To-day.

Jane. Because my Lady's not well, let me beg you to be content with a Sack-posset to Night, which as soon as she's in Bed, shall be brought up to you; To-morrow we'll make you mends as soon as you please.

Love. That shall suffice; but let me now request a Glass of Beer.

Jane. Pray, Sir, sit down, and you shall have that presently.

Jane Exit.

Love. How fair *Eugenia* look'd: her Beauty's still fresh and blooming; with how much Joy in this short Interview have I beheld those Eyes, whose Wounds I have borne so long, and felt

felt their Influence at so great a Distance ! I wish she had not been indispos'd—Her Husband out of Town, and she alone—This had been a Time——hah, what Room's that ! What's there, a Cloth laid, Knives, Napkins, Oranges, and Bread !—Late as it is, here will be a Supper ; all this Preparation cannot be for To-morrow ; somebody is to come in her Husband's Absence : *Eugenia* pretends to be gone to Bed ; her Indisposition is feign'd ; my Company is unseasonable ; to lodge me in the Garret was Policy, but I'll venture to observe Passages.

Enter JANE, with Beer.

Jane. Sir, here's a Glass of Drink.

Love. I thank you.—I was very dry.

Jane. Now, Sir, if you please, I will light you to your Chamber.

Love. With all my Heart, for I am very weary ; 'tis so, they relish not my Company, and are for posting me supperless to Bed, only to remove me out of the Way.

Enter EUGENIA and RAMBLE.

Eug. Come, Sir, now come in here ——Well, Mr. *Ramble*, you see what Influence you Gentlemen have over us poor weak Women.

Ram. O my dear Life, my Joy, let me not answer thee but in this Language. [Kiss.]

Eug. I ne'er thought I should condescend to admit you into my House in my Husband's Absence thus ; what will you think of me ?

Ram. I'll think thee the kindest, loving'st, the dearest, and the best of thy Sex ; come let us reserve our Thoughts till anon, till I have thee in Bed in my Arms, where Darkness will privilege thee to tell thy thoughts without a Blush freely, as I could now, were it not for Loss of Time, and that I should lose so many Kisses the while.

Eug. Use your Conquest with Discretion, and put me not to my Blushes ; I confess I can deny you nothing, and 'tis too late to retreat.

Ram. Be not faint-hearted, nor ashamed, now Fortune has blessed us with the Opportunity ;—now let us be all Rapture, all Fire, kiss, hug, and embrace, and never have done.

Enter Jane.

Jane. Madam, Supper is upon the Table.

Eug. Draw the Table in here this Room's more private.

Ram. Come, Madam, let us prepare ourselves with Meat
and

and Wine, yet make but a hasty Meal of it, that we may the sooner come to the delicious Banquet, the Feast that Love has prepared for us, that Feast of Soul and Senses, and of all at once.

Eug. Have a Care of Feasting too hastily on Love ; 'tis a surfeiting Diet, with which your Sex is soon cloy'd, and that is the Reason you Men seek Variety so much.

[*Jane draws the Table in.*

Ram. Fear not that now ; thou art a Dish of Varieties, like a *Spanish Olive*, that contains the best of every Thing ; all the Beauties of thy whole Sex, all their charms are here in this one composition.

Jane. Madam, the Meat will be cold.

Eug. Come, Sir, now you have said Grace, sit down.

[*They sit down to Table.*

Ram. Mrs. *Jane*, oblige me with a Glass of Wine.

Madam, this to your Health :

Fill the Glass and bring't to me again.

[*She fills it, and he puts Gold into it.*

I drink your Ladies Health, Mrs. *Jane*, you must pledge it ; there is some Ingredients to make the Wine relish.

Eug. *Jane*, have a Care what you do, Mr. *Ramble* is corrupting you to let him into my Chamber after I am in Bed anon.

Ram. O sweet Remembrance, wish'd for Hour !

Eug. But be sure *Jane*, you don't let him have the Key.

Jane. No, Madam, I'll be sure to put that in my Pocket when you are both lock'd in.

Ram. Thank you, Mrs. *Jane*.

Eug. I see you have corrupted my Servant already, fie upon you.—Come, Sir, will you carve or shall I ?—

Ram. You, if you please, Madam, I am so extasy'd with the Thoughts of approaching Bliss. —

[*Knocking at the Door.*

Eug. *Jane*, run to the Door, and see who knocks.

Jane. Who can it be thus late !

Eug. Pray Heaven it be not my Husband !

Ram. No, no, Fortune will not be such an Enemy to Love,

[*Knocking without.*

Eug. Hark again !

Jane. Heavens, Madam, 'tis my Master.

Eug. *Jane*, what shall we do ?

Ram. Cursed spite, where shall I hide ?

Eug.

Eug. Heavens! how he knocks? — [Knocking.]

Jane. Go into the Closet, Sir, there, there. [Ram. goes in.]

Eug. Thrust in Table and all, Wine too:

[Table and all is put in the Closet.]

So, if it be my Husband, tell him I am at my Prayers, and would not be disturb'd:—Get him up to Bed.

Jane. Yes, Madam:—He'll beat down the Door. [Knocking.]

Eug. Stay, where is my Prayer-book?

Jane. In the Window, Madam. [Jane Exit.]

[Eugenia settles herself to read on the Couch.]

Enter DASHWELL and DOODLE.

Dash. Is my Wife in the Parlour? We'll go in to her.

Jane. She is at her Prayers, and would not be disturb'd.

Dash. Let her pray anon—I have brought Mr. Alderman Doodle to see her—Come Wife, prithee Wife, leave off praying; thou art always a praying, lay by thy Book

Eug. Oh, me, Husband, are you come Home? I did not expect you to Night. Mr. Alderman, your humble Servant.

Dood. Your Servant, good Mrs. Dashwell.

Eug. I hope your Wife is well.

Dood. I left her well in the Morning; she's not at her Prayers I'll warrant you; e'en a little of that serves her.

Eug. Truly, I think I can't spend my Time better.

Dash. Well, Wife, prithee what hast thou for our Supper? We are very hungry, the fresh Air has got us a Stomach.

Eug. Truly Husband, not expecting you home, I provided nothing, we made shift with what was left at Dinner, there is nothing at all in the House.

Dood. Well, Neighbour. Now I have seen you home, I'll leave you.

Dash. Nay, nay, stay, and drink a Glass of Wine. [Exit Jane.]

Enter LOVEDAY, with a Letter.

Love. This is a fit Time for me to appear—I have observ'd all, and will startle 'em.

Dash. Who is this?

Eug. O my dear, I had forgot to tell you, this young Man comes from your Brother at *Hamburg*, with Recommendations to you.

Love. Here is a Letter from him Sir; I was just going to Bed, but when I heard you come, I slip'd on my Cloaths, and made bold to trouble you to Night, to know your Pleasure.

Dash. Reach me a Candle, Jane, and fill some Wine.

Enter

Enter JANE with Wine.

[Dashwell reads the Letter.

Eug. How did it happen pray, that you all return'd to Night?

Dood. My Brother Alderman and I heard of a Business upon Change to Day, in which we are both concern'd, that will require our Presence there to Morrow; therefore he resolv'd to bring his Bride to Town to Night, and be married early in the Morning.

Eug. Is she come then?

Dood. We left her and her Aunt at the Coach; he is come before to his House to provide for their Reception.

Eug. The Marriage I suppose will be private?

Dood. Yes; there will be only the Aunt, your Husband, and myself, if I can be there. Mr. *Wiseacres* has the oddest Humours; he would have me call him Uncle.

Eug. She is very young I hear, and therefore—

Dash. My Brother gives you a very good general Character; he speaks much of your Fidelity, and sober Carriage, but names not any particular Employment that you are fit for: Pray, what are you capable of?

Love. I have been bred a Scholar; taken some Degrees at the University—I can write and Account well.

Dash. Very good.—I know not whether I shall have Occasion for you as a Clerk under me for Law-Business, or whether I shall recommend you to some Friend, among the Merchants, to be employ'd in his Compting-House.—I'll consider against To-Morrow; for my Brother's Sake, I'll see to get you some Employment.

Love. I humbly thank you, Sir; one Thing more let me tell you Sir, of my Abilities: Whilst I was a Scholar at Oxford, I studied a very mysterious Art, and spent much Time in the Contemplation of *Magick*, which the Vulgar call the *Black-Art*; for this I was expelled the University. I can perform something wonderful, yet without Danger, and to Morrow, or any Time when you and your Lady are at Leisure, I will shew you something of my Skill for your Diversion.

Eug. Oh Goodness, Husband! I would not see conjuring for all the World; it a naughty wicked Thing; I shan't sleep to Night for thinking there is one in the House that knows the *Black-Art*.—Jane, be sure you lay my Prayer-Book under my Pillow to Night.

Love.

Love. Fear not, Lady, you shall have no hurt from me.—It is very useful sometimes—I can by my Art discover private Enemies, reveal Robberies, help right Owners to Goods stolen or lost; to Ships becalm'd, procure a wind shall bring 'em to the Port desir'd—and the like.

Dood. I beg your pardon, I believe nothing of all this.

Dash. I would you could help us to a good suppert to Night; for I am damnable hungry.

Dood. Ay, and not stay the Dressing of it——

Love. That Sir,——I'll do't with all my Heart.

Dash. Canst thou?—

Love. In a trice; the easiest Thing of a hundred.

Dash. Prithee do then.

Eug. O Lord, Husband! what do you mean?

Dash. Nay, nay, ne'er fright yourself, you'll see no such Thing.

Love. I'll warrant you a Supper, Sir.

Dash. Say'st thou so. But let it be hot.

Love. Hot, ah, Sir——

Dood. It must needs be hot, if it comes from the Devil.

Eug. I hope he's not in earnest.

Love. Fear not, Madam, but sit you down; and you, Sir, by your Lady, and you on the other Hand.—Sweetheart, stand you behind your Lady's Chair,

Jane. What does the Fellow mean?

Eug. For Heaven's sake, Husband, let me be gone.

Dash. No, no, sit down; come, begin.

Love. Have Patience, you shall see nothing to fright you, Silence I pray. *Mephobus, Mephobus, Mephobus;* Thrice have I thee invok'd my Familiar;—be thou assistant Straight to my Desires; supply what e'er a hungry Appetite requires. By all the Pow'rs of the Zodiack, *Aries, Taurus, Gemini, Cancer, Leo, Virgo, Libra, Scorpio, Sagittarius, Capricorn, Aquarius, Pisces.* Assist ye Seven Planets too, *Mars, Sol, Venus, Mercury, Luna, Dragon's Head, and Dragons Tail.* Shed thy auspicious Influence, and to my Charm give efficacious Strength.

Jane. Oh the Devil is coming, I smell Brimstone already.

Dash. Peace you Baggage you have supp'd.

Dood. I begin to Sweat for't—Would I were under the Table, that the Devil mayn't see me if he comes.

Love. Tacete.

[After the Charms, he stands

with his Head as listning to an Invisib's——

Dash. That's hold your Peace.

Love. *Arlom Gascodin Adelpoon, Eus, Eusticon Olam Amemnos,*
Thanks, *Mephorbus.* Now, Sir, you may prepare to fall to.

Dash. Why, I see no Meat.—The Devil has fail'd you.

Dood. I thought how well you could conjure.

Love. Let your Servant open that Door, and draw in the Table, as it is furnish'd by the Power of my Art.

Jane. Ha! was that his Conjuring?

[*Aside.*

Jane opens the Closet, and draws out the Table.

Dash. Wonderful! a Table plentifully furnish'd! Good Meat and Wine; 'tis excellent: Wife, Mr. Alderman fall to.

Eng. Eat of the Devils Food!

Dood. I warrant you, 'tis but a Vision, 'twill vanish if you touch it.

Love. No, tho' it came by a supernatural Means, yet it is no Delusion; 'tis good substantial Food, such as Nature, and the Bounty of Heav'n afford.—To encourage you, see I will fall to and eat heartily.

Dash. Excellent fare, 'faith, Wife; fill me some Wine. Mr. Alderman, my Service to you; delicious Wine too!—O rare Art, Sir, you are an excellent Caterer.

Eng. I could not have believ'd there was such Power in Art, if I had not seen it.

Jane. Pray, Madam, fall to, the Meat looks well, and is

Eng. I'll venture.

delicately dress'd.

Dash. I'll have it no longer said that the Devil sends Cooks; why, a Prince may eat of his dressing.

Dood. Pray Heav'n it digests well.

Love. I warrant you, Sir.

Eng. A witty Knave, *Jane*, he resolved not to go supperless to Bed,

[*Aside.*

Dash. Here, Sir, here's to, and I thank you for our good Cheer.

Love. Your Servant, Sir, I'll pledge you in a full Glass. Come Mr. Alderman, my service to you; the Founders good Health.

Dood. Ah! what mean you, drink the Devils Health?

Love. Will you eat of his Meat and not thank him?

Dood. 'Tis something uncivil I confess——

Love. If you eat with an Extortioner, the Money that bought his Meat was the Price of Orphans Tears, and so you may say it came from the Devil too, and yet we eat with him, drink his Health, and thank him.

Dash. Ay, ay, 'tis not a Pin matter; and so, Neighbour, you are welcome—and, Sir, I thank you for your good Supper.

Dood.

Dood. If you can do this all the Year round, I'll take you for my Book-keeper—

Love. My Art serves me only in Time of Extremity, when Hunger is strong and Food absent, and difficult to be otherwise attain'd. If done for Covetousness my Invocations have no Strength.

Dood. Ah, that's a Pity—My Book-keeper's a very honest Fellow now I think on't,

Dash. No matter, I'll prefer him—for this you have engag'd me to speak wonderful Things of you—But pray tell me by what means was all this Meat brought hither, and the Table furnish'd: Was it by the help of Spirits? I heard no Noise.

Love. It was done by a Familiar that I have Command of; if you please I will shew you him in human Shape.

Dash. Pray do, that I may thank him.

Eug. O by no means, Sir,—what Husband, would you thank the Devil?

Dash. Why, is't not an old Proverb, *Give the Devil his Due?* Fear not.

Love. I warrant you, Lady, it shall be no Harm to you. He is hereabouts invisible already.

Eug. It can be no Ill Spirit sure—

Love. Set the Door wide open, that his Passage may be free.

Dash. Quick, *Jane*.

Love. *Mephorbus*, that lurkest here, put on human Shape, appear visible to our Sight, and come forth in the likeness of a fine well drest Gentleman, such as may please this Lady's Eye—Pass by, pay your Reverence, and make your *Exit*. *Presto*, I say begone.

Enter RAMBLE, crosses the Stage, bows, and Exit.

Eug. *Jane*, step after him and bid him not go far from the Door—and you shall call him when my Husband is in Bed [*Aside*. Go shut the Door, *Jane*, for fear he should return.

Jane. Lend me your Prayer Book to keep him off, if he should offer to return upon me. [*Exit Jane*.

Love. So, Madam, how do you like the Familiar?

Eug. It had no frightful Shape—It look'd like a fine Gentleman.

Love. I knew a Shape that one sees every Day would not affright.

Dood. It was a mannerly Devil too, he bowed as he pass'd by,

Dash. But pray, why was the Door open'd, cou'd he not

have vanish'd upwards or downwards, or gone through the Key-hole?

Love. Yes, Sir, but then he would have carried away Part of your House; for when Spirits appear in human form and Shape they will be dealt with as really human, or else are fullen and malicious; wherefore I bid the Door be open'd lest he should be malicious. [Enter Jane.]

Dash. I apprehend.

Dood. Well, now I'll take my leave,—I'll call as I go and see if the Bride be come yet, and then go home to my Wife, poor Soul, I shall awaken her out of her first Sleep.—Well, Mr. *Dashwell*, good Night—I thank you, and this good Gentleman for my good Supper.

Eug. Jane, light out.—

Dash. Mr. Alderman, your Servant. [Goes with Dood.]

Love. So, my Suspicions were not in vain—and my Curiosity procur'd a good Supper, oblig'd the Lady, and diverted the Husband; for which I have Thanks on all Hands, and shall be applauded for a Man of Parts. *Dash. Eug. Jane, returns.*

Eug. Sir, now I thank you for this Kindness; your Art has oblig'd me, and you shall find it.

Love. I am glad, Madam, it was in my Power to serve you.

Eug. Jane, help the Gentleman to a Candle.

Jane. Sir, will you please to take that?

Love. Good Night, Sir: good Night, Madam.

Dash. Good Repose to you Sir, [*Love. exits.*]
And admirable Fellow this, Wife.

Eug. Ah fie! a wicked Man to conjure, and to raise a Spirit. Was it not a Devil Husband?

Dash. A kind of Devil, a Familiar;—could you have laid him Wife?

Eug. I have a Prayer they say will Make evil Things fly from one. I never said it yet, but I'll make use on't to Night.

Dash. No, come, prithee let's go to Bed now, 'tis gone far enough.

Eug. I could no more sleep To-night without saying my Prayers over again—and I'll be sure to say that Prayer above all.

Dash. Nay, if it be thy Fancy, I am sure thou wilt not sleep unless thou dost; I'll go to bed for my Part—

Eug. I'll say my Prayers here below, because I won't disturb you.

Jane.

Jane. I pray do, Madam, pray all the Devils out, or I shall be afraid ever to come into this Room.

Eug. *Jane*, light your Master up.

Dash. No, give me the Candle—and go lock fast the Door. Good Night, Wife. [*Dash. exit.*]

Eug. Good Night ; I'll come softly to Bed, I'll not disturb you.—*Jane.* will Mr. *Ramble* be hereabout ?

Jane. He'll hover near the Door till I give him Notice—He begs you to contrive his Admittance for one Quarter of an Hour.

Eug. Go you up, and give him Notice when your Master is in Bed.

Jane. Yes, Madam.

Eug. Light into the next Room.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter RAMBLE in the Street.

Ram. Well, here was one Defeat of Fortune, but I would tempt her once more, and see what Luck I could have with my other Mistress, if I could find *Roger*, and I think here he comes : *Roger.*

Enter ROGER.

Rog. Here, Sir.

Ram. Have you enquir'd as I gave you Directions ?

Rog. Yes, Sir ; Alderman *Doodle* lives but in the next Street, just turning the Corner there.

Ram. But will you take Notice of the Door, cou'd you find it again in the Dark.

Rog. Very readily, Sir.

Ram. Ha ! who come yonder ? I discover a pretty Face ; run you and get Directions which is the true Door, I'll follow you. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter MRS. DODDLE, Aunt, PEGGY, Link Boy.

Ram. La, *Mrs. Doddle*—&c. 'gad ! a most pretty Creature.

Peg. Forsooth, Aunt, this is a most hugeous great Place. Here be a number of Houses, Aunt.

Aunt. Ay, *Peggy*, and fine Houses, when you see 'em by Day-Light.

Peg. Shan't I see 'em all To-morrow, forsooth, Aunt.

Ram. A young Country Girl, just come to Town.

Aunt. O you can't see all *London* in a Week.

Peg. O Leminy ! not in a Week, Aunt ; and does my Nuncle own all this Town !

Aunt. All Peggy, no, nor the King, God blefs him, not half.

Ram. She appears fo fimple, and young, and innocent, and is fo pretty, I cannot forbear fpeaking to her—By your Leave, old Gentlewoman.——

Aunt. How now, Sir, who are you?

Ram. A Gentleman, and one that defires to be acquainted with you, and this pretty little Lady.

Aunt. Stand off:—Come away, Child, don't let him be near thee.

Ram. Nay, I'll not part with this pretty Hand yet.

Aunt. Shove him away, Peggy.

Peg. O, but forfooth Aun', he's a Gentleman.

Aunt. Ay, but a London Gentleman; come from him, or he'll bite thee.

Peg. Deeds, Sir; will you bite me?

Ram. Bite thee? not for a thoufand Worlds, yet methinks I could eat thee.

Aunt. Stand off I fay, ftand off—Come away Child, or he'll devour thee.

Ram. Believe her not, ſhe's a lying, envious old Woman; I would hug thee, kiſs thee, give thee Gold and Jewels, make thee a little Queen, if I had thee.

Peg. O dear Aunt! did you ever hear the like?

Aunt. Believe him not, he's a flattering London Varlet—he'll ſpirit thee beyond Sea.

Peg. Oh la! Oh la! Oh la! I won't go beyond Sea.

Ram. Thou ſhalt not, dear Creature, be none the wifer; good Gentlewoman do not frighten a young innocent Thing thus—I intend her no Harm.

Peg. Law you there now, Aunt!

Ram. I only offer you my Service to ſerve you to your Lodgings? Say, pretty one, will you give me leave? Which Way go you?

Peg. I don't know, not I.

Aunt. No, Sir, pray go about your Buſineſs, let go her Hand; we have not fo far home, but we can go without your Help—Get you gone I fay, or I proteſt—

Peg. Nay, pray Aunt, don't beat the Gentleman, he does me no hurt; he only squeezes my Hand a Little.

Ram. Thy Innocence has reach'd my Heart—oh——

Peg. Indeed I han't done you no harm, not I.

Ram. Thou art inſenſible of the Wound thy Eyes have made.

Peg.

Peg. Wound ! O dear, why you don't bleed.

Ram. Oh, 'tis inwardly.

Peg. Aunt, I warrant you one of your Pins has scratch'd him:

Aunt. Break from him, or he'll bewitch thee.

Peg. No, no forsooth Aunt, he's no old Woman.

Enter WISEACRES, and DOODLE.

Wife. No, pray don't leave me yet,—I wonder they are not come.

Dood. Well, I'll stay a little.

Aunt. Yonder comes your Uncle—Odds me, he'll knock us on the Head.—Come away, come away.

Ram. Ha ! let me kiss thy Hand first ; to part from thee is Death.

Wife. Ha !——what do I see ?

Ram. Adieu, sweet Innocence.

Wife. Men already buzzing about her ! how comes this ?

Dood. Where there is Meat in Summer, there will be Flies.

Wife. I say how comes this ?

Aunt. A rude Royster here, would stop us in the Street, whether we would or no.

Ram. O you old Crony.

[Aside.]

Peg. Don't make my Nuncle angry, Aunt, he did but hold me by the Hand.

Wife. How, let a Man touch you, O monstrous ! monstrous ! did I not warn you not to let a Man speak to you ?

Peg. O, but he was a Gentleman, and my Aunt told me I must make a Curtesie to Gentle-folks, deeds Nuncle.

Dood. Be not so passionate—she could not help it.

Wife. I must seem angry to make her afraid for the future.

Ram. I'll step aside, and watch where they go.

Peg. I did know but it might be the King, they say he is a Man, *He.*

Wife. This was a Night Walker, a Spy, a Thief, a Villain, he would have murder'd thee, and eat thee.

Peg. Oh grievous ! I am glad you came then, Nuncle, he said indeed he could eat me.

Aunt. Ay, and so he would if I had not been here—At London they get young Folks, and bake 'em in Pies.

Peg. O Sadness !

Dood. What will this come to ? Never did I see one so simple.

Wife. Here Link-man, here's Six-pence for you, put out your Link, and go your Ways—put out your Link. *Link.*

Link. Yes, Master.

[Exit.

Wife. What made you stay so long?

Aunt. It was so late we could not get a Coach in Southwark, and were forced to come on Foot.

Peg. Oh, Nuncle, we came o'er a Bridge where there's a huge Pond.

Wife. Peg. come give me thy Hand, Peggy, and come thy Ways, or we shall have thee eaten before we get you in a Doors—here—here—this Way, so, so, get you in. get you in.

[Exeunt as into Wiseacres House he shut the Door.

Ram. A crafty old Fox! he put out the Link that I might not see where they went in—well, now to find Roger.

Enter TOWNLY.

Town. Ha, the Light gone, and I see no body!—sure 'twas Ramble I saw from the Tavern Window—he's upon Scent of some new Intrigue: if I could have met the Rogue, he should not have escap'd from me till he had drank his Bottle—Hark, I hear a Door open!—it may be him bolting out of some Coney-borough.—

Enter JANE.

Jane. Sir, Sir, where are you?

Town. Somebody call! what can this mean?

Jane. Where are you?

Town. 'Tis a Woman's Voice—here—

Jane. Where—give me your Hand—

Town. Here.

[Take Hands.

Jane. My Master, Sir, is in Bed—and my Lady bid me bring you in—she sits upon the Couch in the Dark; she'll have no Light in the Room for fear my Master should rise, and come down into the Yard.

Town. Well, well.

Jane. She desires you would only whisper, for fear of being heard.—

Town. No, no.

Jane. If any Thing happens step into the same Closet.

Town. Yes, yes.

Jane. You must not stay long; therefore what you do, do quickly.

Town. Let me alone.

Jane. Come, Sir, softly.

Town. So, here's a blind Bargain struck up, but there's a Woman

man in the Case, and I cannot resist the Temptation.

[Exeunt as into Dashwell's House.

Enter RAMBLE and ROGER.

Ram. Roger, you are sure you have not mistaken the House.

Rog. Sure, ay, Sir, I am sure that was Alderman Doodle's House, I ask'd three or four Shopkeepers.—

Ram. But are you certain you shew'd me the right Door?

Rog. Ay, Sir, there is never a great Door but that. They all told me at the great Door.

Ram. Stand there at a Distance till I step to that House, and if you see me go in, be sure you stay hereabout expecting my coming forth.

Rog. Yes, Sir.

(Ramble goes and feels out the Door, and turns back.

Ram. The Door is shut, and all is whist.

Will this fatty Alderman ne'er be in Bed?

Let me see, are there any Lights above in the Window? No, not a Glimpse; certainly they cannot be all gone to Bed without giving me Notice——Roger, where are you?

Rog. Here Sir.

Ram. Roger, let it be your Care, when I go from you to buy a Link.

Rog. I doubt it is too late Sir, the Shops are shut.

Ram. Give a Link-man Sixpence for a Piece, there's Money.

Rog. I see one at yonder Tavern Door, I'll step and buy that now, if you please.

Ram. Do——and bring it with you lighted, for I have dropp'd a Piece of Money.

(Roger exit.

{ Ramble walks about humming a Tune,
then feels at the Door.

Ram. The Door is fast still: I begin to fear something extraordinary has happen'd—to knock is not convenient, to expect is painful, but a Lover must have Patience, a little Sufferance sweetens the Delight, and renders the Pleasure of Enjoyment more valuable.

My Trust is in faithful Jane——I hear a Noise—hark! the Door opens, I'll advance.

Enter TOWNLY, EUGENIA——in the Street embracing,

JANE half out, holding the Door.

Town. Dear, kind, sweet Creature.

Eug. Go, you must not stay any longer now, 'tis dangerous.

Ram. I heard a Man's Voice.

Town.

Town. When shall I be thus blest'd again?

Eug. Often, if you be discreet.

Ram. Ha!

Town. I could live an Age in thy Arms, this was so very short.

Eug. E'er long we'll find whole Hours of Pleasure.

Town. But when, when—dear melting Beauty.—

Eug. Very soon; go, pray go now, I'll send to you in the Morning.

Ram. Am I jilted then after all—I'll spoil To-Morrow's Affignation—Light here—Light.

Enter ROGER, with a Link.

Eug. Ha—Who's there!—

Ram. Have at thee, Traytor,—draw, and fight.

[He draws, and runs at Townly.]

Eug. } Ah, ah, ah!

Jane. }

*{ Run in, and clap
the Door to.*

Rog. Hold, hold, Master, hold, 'tis Mr. Townly, 'tis Mr. Townly.

Ram. Ha! Townly!

Town. Ramble, what a Plague do you mean?

Ram. To have kill'd you, had you not been my very good Friend.

Town. Short Warning, prithee next Time give me leave to make my Will.

Ram. How came you here?

Town. By the Wheel of Fortune; I can scarce tell thee. I guess I am luckily fallen upon some of thy Intrigues; prithee, who was this Wench, with whom I have had so sweet a Satisfaction?

Ram. I perceive your Innocence by your Ignorance. Come this Way, farther from the House. 'Twas one of my Intrigues. I beat the Bush, but thou hast catch'd the Bird.

Town. I only shot flying—I did no great Execution—next Time she'll be your Game.

Ram. Curse on all ill Luck.

Town. I told you in the Morning Fortune would jilt you.

Ram. She has in this—But I have another Design in Store—Come walk off, and as we go, let me understand a little more of this Accident.

Town. As little as you please at present, for I have Company staying for me at the Tavern.

Ram. I am in haste too—Come—I find we can make no prosperous Voyage in Love,

Till

*Till Fortune, like the Woman, will be kind,
Woman's the Tide, but fortune is the Wind.*

[Exeunt.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter ARABELLA and ENGINE.

Arab. **W**HERE is he gone, *Engine*?

Eng. But into the Garden, Madam.

Arab. I am concern'd at this Mistake, which was occasion'd by the Orange-Wench—She thought I had meant *Ramble*, when I ask'd her who *Townly* was;—for they are constant Companions, and were then together at the Play:

Eng. Such Mistakes are often, when People are in Company.

Arab. Suppose I should tell him 'tis a Mistake, and that he is not the Person—I—

Eng. O, Madam, by no Means, lest for Revenge he should discover it to your Husband—

Arab. Do you think he would do so ill a Thing?

Eng. I believe he is a Person brave enough, but who knows how he may resent the Disappointment; you are to suppose the Worst; that would be such an Affront—

Arab. Nay, I have no Aversion to his Person, and if I had never seen that *Townly*, should have lik'd him extreamly.

Eng. E'en resolve to go forward now, you'll like him better To Morrow Morning, I warrant you, you'll not be mistaken in him, he's finely shap'd.

Arab. Well, if he press me very hard, and I find I cannot come handsomely off—

Eng. Whist, he's coming, Madam.

Enter RAMBLE.

Ram. What Madam, not in Bed yet?

Arab. Is it late, Sir?

Ram. Oh, very late; sitting up is pernicious to Beauty.

Arab. I'll take Care of mine from your kind Admonition; I have but little, and should preserve it—in Order thereunto, Sir; I beg, your Pardon, and take my Leave.

Ram.

Ram. Ay, ay, to Bed, to Bed—*Mrs. Engine*, pray give me a Cap, or a Napkin—

Arab. What mean you Sir?

Ram. Faith, to go to Bed too—

Arab. You'll go Home first?—

Ram. Devil take me if I do.

Arab. What mean you then?

Ram. To stay and sleep with you—

Arab. With me!

Ram. Even so.

Arab. Whether I will or no?

Ram. That's e'en as you please; if you are as willing as I, 'tis so much the better.

Arab. Sure you are but in Jest:

Ram. 'Gad in as good Earnest as ever I was in my Life—Come Madam, act not against your Conscience, I know how matters go; you are a fine, young, brisk, handsome Lady, and have a dull, dronish Husband without a Sting; I am a young, active Fellow fit for Employment, and 'gad I know your Wants, and for once will throw myself upon you, therefore, come, Madam, come your Night-dress becomes you so well, and you look so very tempting—I can hardly forbear you a Minute longer.

Arab. You are very sharp set—methinks—

Ram. Therefore, be merciful to a half-famish'd Lover, and let me fall to without Ceremony, dear Creature, to thy Bed, and, let me not lose a Minute of this blessed Opportunity, the Nights are short—

Arab. Nay, I confess, now my Husband is out of Town, I am almost afraid to lie alone.

Eng. Truly, and well, you may, for I think the House is a little haunted—Would I had a Bedfellow too; but the best on't is, I lie but in the next Chamber within.

Arab. If any Spright comes, call to me.

Eng. I thank you Madam, but if it be not an arrant Devil indeed, I shall make a Shift to lay him without your Help.

Ram. I dare swear she'll make nothing of a Spright; she'll conjure him down I warrant you.

Arab. Well, well, Mr. *Ramble*, will you be conjur'd home?

Ram. Conjur'd home! No, Madam, the Devil, I am sure, will be on my Side, and let me stay here.

Arab. I could chide you severely now, for your ill Opinion of
of

of me, but you'd not care for't, and to stay longer to give you good Counsel would be Loss of Time; for I see you are past Reclaim.

Ram. O leave not so good a Work unfinish'd, keep me with you all Night, take a little Pains extraordinary, I am not so stiff neck'd a Sinner, but I may be mollified e'er Morning.

Arab. No, I am very sleepy, and must go to Bed, therefore, pray be gone.

Ram. If I go to Night, let me be canoniz'd; is't possible, think you, for a Man of Flesh and Blood to overcome so sweet a Temptation?

Arab. Go, Sir, as you hope—

Ram. Nay, as for Hope and all that, ne'er question it: I have both Faith, Hope, and Charity: Faith to believe you dissemble; Hope that you love me; and Charity enough to supply your Wants in your Husband's Absence.

Arab. Well, Sir, I find you intend to be troublesome, I'll leave you.

Ram. But I shan't leave you.

Arab. Why, what do you intend to do?

Ram. To follow you.

Arab. Whither?

Ram. To your Chamber.

Arab. For what?

Ram. To hug, kifs, and come to Bed to you.

Arab. You won't offer it.—

Ram. I will.

Arab. Give me a Candle: Since you are so resolute, I'll try.

Ram. Perhaps, you'll shut the Door?

Arab. I scorn it: I'll see what you dare do.

Ram. I'll dare, if I die for't.

Arab. Take notice then, thou desperate, resolute Man, that I now go to my Chamber, where I'll undress me, go into my Bed, and if you dare to follow me, kifs, or come to Bed to me; if all the Strength and Passion a provok'd Woman has, can do't, I'll lay thee breathless and panting, and so maul thee, thou shalt ever be afraid to look a Woman in the Face.

Ram. Stay and hear me now: Thou shalt no sooner be there, but I'll be there: kifs you, hug you, tumble you, tumble your Bed, tumble into your Bed; down with you, and as often as I down with you, be sure to give you the rising Blow, that, if at last you should chance to maul me, 'gad you shan't have

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much Reason to brag in the Morning ; and so angry, threatening Woman, get thee gone and do thy worst.

Arab. And, Sir, do you your best. Adieu — [Exit.

Eng. Well, here's like to be fearful doings—here's heavy Threatnings on both Sides.

Ram. I long till the Skirmish begins.

Eng. I'll go in and help her to Bed, she has nothing but her Night Gown to slip off.

Ram. Best of all ; I'd fain have her at my Mercy.

Eng. Oh, Sir, have no Mercy on her, she'll not complain of hard Usage, I warrant you. [Eng. Exit.

Ram. Go thy Ways, bonny Girl—I had almost forgot my Man. I must send him away——*Roger, Roger.*

Enter ROGER.

Rog. Here, Sir.

Ram. I shall sit up at Cards here all Night, but you may go home ; get up early in the Morning, and come with a Chair in Sight of the Back Door—sit in it at a little Distance, and wait till I come.

Rog. Yes, Sir.

Ram. Be sure you fail not to be here early. [Exit.

Rog. I warrant you, Sir.

Well, I suspect what Game my Master plays to Night ; there will be fine shuffling and cutting and dealing—But I am glad I am not to stand Centinel all Night, but can go home to sleep in a whole Skin—so good Night to all, and speed the Plough.

[Exit.

Enter ENGINE.

Eng. Let me see what has my Pains-taking brought me in since Morning—1—2—3—and 4—Guineas ?—When should I have got as much honestly in one Day ? Well, this is a profitable Profession, and in us that wait on Ladies, the Scandal is hid under the Name of Confident, or Woman : I would sooner chuse to be some such a Ladies Woman, than many a poor Lord's Wife. This Employment was formerly stil'd Eawding and Pimping—but our Age is more civiliz'd—and our Language much refin'd—it is now a modish Piece of Service only, and said, being complaisant, or doing a Friend a kind Office. Whore——(oh filthy broad Word !) is now prettily call'd, Mistress ;—Pimp, Friend ; Cuckold-Maker, Gallant : Thus, the Terms being civiliz'd, the Thing becomes more practicable—what Clowns they were in former Ages !—Hark !

Enter

Enter DOODLE.

Dood. Where are you here? [*Engine runs to the Chamber Door, and seems to speak as rejoicing.*]

Eng. Ha! my Master—Oh! Lord, Madam, here's my Master, here's my Master, here's my Master, my Master's come—

Dood. Why are the Doors open at this Time of Night?

Eng. My Master, Madam, my Master's come, O leminy, my Master, my Master.

Dood. Well, well, are you mad—I say, why were the Doors left open thus late?

Eng. I was standing at the Door, and my Lady call'd on a sudden—I am so glad Sir, you are come home, Sir.—Madam, here's my Master—here's my Master.

Dood. Rogues might have come in, and have robb'd the House.

Eng. My Mistress has been so wishing all the Night you would come—Sir, Sir,——Madam, here's my Master.

Enter ARABELLA, in Night-Gown and Slippers, runs and hugs him about the Neck.

Arab. Oh! my dear—dear—dear—art thou return'd?

Dood. I have been come to Town a great while.

Arab. Oh my dear—dear—dear—

Eng. Hift. [*Beckons to Ram. to slip by, he comes stealing out, Doodle turns, and he slips back again.*]

Dood. I am so sleepy.

Arab. Oh, you are a naughty hubby—you have been a great while in Town, and would not come home to me before—I won't love you, now I think on't.

Dood. Dear, I'll be going to Bed.

Arab. Ay, but you shall kiss me first; here, 'tis your nown Wife. [*She hugs him again, Engine beckons to Ram. to come out, and retires.*]

Eng. Hift, hift.

Arab. Kifs, kifs me heartily—Oh, my hubby, dear, dear, dear hubby—

Eng. Hem——em——ah—— [*Comes out and retires again.*]

Dood. So, so, Wife, prithee be quiet—I am so weary, and thou stand'st hugging me—prithee let me go to Bed.

Arab. Engine, take the Candle, and let us go see what is in the House for your Master to eat.

Dood. I have supp'd already, Wife.

Arab. It may be a great While since——come, Engine.

Dood. No, just now——at Mr. Dajjowell's.

Arab. And, what had my Dear for Supper?—

Dood. A Frigacy, and young Patridge.

Arab. And how far went Dear to Day?

Dood. A few Miles—

Arab. And what Time came you back?

Dood. Two Hours ago—

Arab. And are you all come back together?

Dood. Prithee, Wife, thou stand'st asking me so many Questions.

Arab. Untie your Master's Shoes the while—

Dood. No, no, leave your fiddling, give me my Cap and Night Gown.

Arab. Engine, run into the Chamber, and fetch them.

Dood. No Matter, we'll go without it. [*Eng. exit.*]

Arab. Well Dear, remember this, you are come home and won't make much of me—

I have a Husband, but what of that?

He neither loves me, nor my little Cat;

The Cat gets a Mouse, and with it does play,

But my Husband ne'er minds me all the long Day.—

Dood. Prithee, Wife, thou art troublesome.

Arab. There was a Lady lov'd a Swine, *honey quoth she.*

Pig-Hog, wilt thou be mine—Hunch—quoth he.

Husband, you lov'd to see me merry formerly.

Dood. Yes, Wife, but I am so sleepy to Night.

Enter ENGINE.

Eng. Sir, there's none of your Gown—in the Chamber.

Dood. Stay, now I think on't, 'tis in my Compting House—
Go to Bed, Wife, I'll undress me there, and come to you.

Arab. Don't stay to look over any Letter—

Dood. No, no, I'll come presently—

[*Exit.*]

Eng. So, he's gone—

Arab. Fox, Fox, come out of your Hole.

Enter RAMBLE.

Ram. I am glad the Enemy is drawn off a little—I was daubably afraid of his coming into the Chamber.

Arab. I did all I could that you might slip by—

Ram. I had best make haste out now, lest he return.

Eng. Hark, Madam, I heard my Master lock the Door—and ten to one, but he has taken the Key out.

Arab. Run and see.

Ram. If he has taken the Key, which Way shall I get out?

Arab.

Arab. Ha!—ha!—ha!—

Ram. Is all this but a laughing Matter?

Arab. I laugh at your faint Heart.

Enter ENGINE.

Eng. Madam, I look'd down the Stair Case, and saw the Key in my Master's Hand; he has carried it into his Compting-house.

Arab. Nay, then, you must abide by't now.

Eng. What shall we do, Madam?

Arab. You must e'en carry Mr. Ramble into your Chamber and let him sleep in your Bed—

Ram. What, what, within there—the Chamber within yours.

Arab. Even, so, Sir, and thank your Stars—

Ram. 'Gad I sweat with the Thoughts on't.

Eng. And well you may, Sir, for your Mistress is given to walk in her Sleep—and, if in the Middle of the Night, she should chance to come to your Bedside—and take you betwixt sleeping and waking.—

Ram. Thou hast put a very pleasing fancy in my Head—say, Madam, will you be kind.

Eng. That may easily be—my Master will be soon asleep, as you may know by his snoring.

Ram. But, should he wake, and miss her—

Arab. Must you be the first that starts the Question?

Ram. 'Gad, Madam, I beg your Pardon—

Arab. To prevent that Danger, when my Husband snores, *Engine*, come you to my Bedside softly—I'll rise, and you shall lie down in my Place.—

Eng. So! now, I have drawn myself into a Premunire—But, Madam, should the Spirit move, and my Master wake, and turn to me—

Arab. Fool, he'll find thee a Woman, will he not?

Eng. Nay, now I have your Leave—and rather than spoil a good Intrigue, I'll venture.

Ram. An excellent Device—

Eng. Go, get you both in—you, into my Chamber, Sir; and, you, Madam, slip into Bed, and make as if you were fast asleep—you know my Master's Custom, he's no sooner laid than asleep, and then I'll come softly, and pinch you by the Arm to rise—

Ram. Rare Wench!—here will be an Intrigue.

Arab. 'Tis such a lucky Project, that I would not but venture

venture for ne'er so much—I am pleas'd with the Thoughts on't.

Eng. Go, go, my Master's coming up—softly—softly.

Ram. And I am pleas'd to think, when your Husband's a snoring, how little he will dream of being a Cuckold—ha, ha, ha.

[*Arab. Ram. exeunt.*]

Eng. So; this Business is retriev'd again. I pity their Case, as it were my own; I hate to be balk'd in my Expectation; and in all Things, Disappointments in Love Matters are the greatest Curse.

Here comes Mr. Alderman, who thinks nothing of all this.

Enter DOODLE, in a Cap and Night Gown.

Dood. Is my Wife in Bed?

Eng. Softly, Sir, she's asleep.

Dood. So, so, good Night, make haste to Bed. [*Exit.*]

Eng. Go thy Ways, Alderman, the Cuckow sung o'er thy Head as thou return'st to Town To-Night. Oh, the vain Imaginations of a Husband, who thinks himself secure of a Wife, when he's in Bed with her!—Oh, were I but a Wife, what Ways would I invent to deceive a Husband, and what Pleasures should I take in the Roguery!—Well, I long to be married to shew my Wit. In the mean Time, I am making Experiments at another's Cost. But now I'll venture into my Chamber, and watch the Alarm of my Master's Nose: was it ever contriv'd before, that a Husband himself should give his Wife the Sign to make him a Cuckold. [*Goes to the Door.*]

Re-enter ENGINE.

Eng. My Master snores already—and I hear my Mistress stirring; now must I to Bed, and lie by a dull drowsy Animal; this or nothing will bring me to a Consumption.

Enter ARABELLA, in her Night Gown.

Eng. Hift, hift—Madam—

Arab. Here—where are you?

Eng. Here, Madam, give me your Hand—

Arab. Softly, Wench, softly.

Eng. I warrant you Madam,—he snores like a Turk.

Arab. Where is the Door?

Eng. There, there—in—in

Arab. Have a Care of waking my Husband.

Eng. Have a Care to make good Use of your Time, and don't stay too long. [*Arab. exit.*]

So—thus far all goes well. Now must I undergo the severe Pen-

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Penance to lie by a Man in vain—and sweating for fear he should wake, and find me out in the Roguery—but I must venture now, let what will happen—So happy go lucky, and to Bed gang I.

Rog. Without. Fire, Fire, Fire.

Eng. Hark! [Knocking at the Door.

Rog. Without. Fire, Fire,——Fire——

Eng. O Heavens!—we are undone, they cry fire!

Rog. Without. Fire—Fire— [Knocking.

Arab. This will certainly waken him anon—Let us cry Fire too, and say I am just got up—Fire—Fire—Fire.

Rog. Without. Fire—Fire. [Knocks hard.

Arab. Get up, Husband, or you will be burnt.

Ram. What must I do now?

Eng. Don't stir out till my Master's gone.

Enter DOODLE.

Dood. What's the Matter; is the House on Fire?

Eng. Don't you hear 'em knock, and cry out Fire?

Dood. Run down and open the Door.

Eng. Give me the Key?

Dood. 'Tis below in my Compting-house.—come down, come down all. Oh, Fire, Fire, Fire.

[Arab. Eng. Dood. Exeunt.

Enter RAMBLE.

Ram. What must I do now; venture to be discover'd, or stay here and die a Martyr, to save a Lady's Honour? A Fox of ill Luck still.

But here is no Smell of Burning, nor any Smoak; sure, the Fire is not in this House. But I'll get to the Stair-head, for Fear, and watch the Opportunity to escape unseen.—'Twas well I did not undress me.

Enter DOODLE, ARABELLA, below in the Street.

Dood. Why, here's no Fire, nor nothing like it—What could be the Meaning of all this Out-cry, and Knocking?

Arab. I can't imagine.

Dood. I heard them knock, and cry Fire, as if they were mad, and, yet, when I open'd the Door, here was no Body?

Arab. It was a false Alarm.

Dood. Where's Engine?

Arab. Striking Fire within to light a Candle.

Dood. Come, Wife, come in again,—this was the Roguery of some drunken Fellows in their Night Frolicks.

Arab.

Arab. I am glad it was no worse.

Dood. Ha ! Who's there, who's there ?

[*Goes in, meets Ramble coming out.*

Enter RAMBLE.

Ram. A Friend, Sir, a Friend.

Arab. O Heavens !—*Ramble*, there.

Dood. A Friend, Sir : How got you into my House, Sir ;
Engine, bring the Candle.

Ram. I lodge here just by, and was going to Bed ; but hearing the Out-cry of Fire, came running over just as your Door open'd, and ran in to help you. But I believe 'tis some other House, there's no Fire within, as I see—

Enter ENGINE, with a Light.

Dood. I see you are a Gentleman : Sir, your humble Servant, I thank you for your good Will, but here's no need of help. All is safe.

Ram. 'Twas doubtless, the Roguery of some unlucky Boys : Sir, your Servant. I wish you good Night.

Dood. Your Servant, Sir. Come, Wife—*Engine*, lock fast the Doors. [*Exeunt.*

Eng. Yes, Sir.

Ram. Now you have the Key, open the Door again by and by, and let me in, I'll be hereabouts.

Eng. Ay, you could not stay above, you a Lover ! [*Aside.*

Ram. Dear Mistress *Engine*, don't chide, but do what I request.

Eng. Well, I'll acquaint my Lady, if she'll consent, I'll contrive to get you in again. [*Engine exit, and locks the Doors.*

Ram. And Gold shall be thy Reward,
Never was Man, certainly, so cross'd in Love :
Surely, some evil Charm, or Spell is upon me,
A false Alarm of Fire, Curse upon their Tongues,
And I to be so unfortunate too, to come down Stairs.

Enter ROGER.

Rog. The Door is shut, and all quiet, oh, here's my Master.

Ram. Who's there ?

Rog. 'Tis I, Sir, your Man *Roger*.

Ram. What do you do here.—Did not I send you Home to Bed ?

Rog. If I had been in Bed, where had you been, Sir ?—

Ram. Why, Sirrah.—

Rog. I'll tell you, Sir,—that you may know what a Piece
of

of Service I have done you, and how fitly qualify'd I am to be your Servant.

Ram. Well, Sir, in what——

Rog. I guess'd, Sir, by your sending me Home, that your Stay there all Night, was to play a better Game than any upon the Cards.—

Ram. What you imagin'd a Woman in the Case.—

Rog. Troth I did, and 'twas a lucky Thought—I was no sooner out of Doors, but I met an Acquaintance, and as I stood there Talking, I perceiv'd a Man come plodding along,—go in without knocking, and shut the Door.—This, thought I, is the Husband.

Ram. So——

Rog. Now, thought I, may my Master be in Bed with this Man's Wife.—

Ram. You had the Impudence to think so.—

Rog. My Conscience was so wicked to tell me so at that Time, Sir.

Ram. Proceed.

Rog. Now, thought I, must my Master be cramb'd under the Bed, or thrust into a Closet, or Wood-hole, and remain in Purgatory all Night to save a Lady's Honour,—unless I work his Deliverance.

Ram. Well, Sir.

Rog. So, to get the Door open'd, and put the People into Confusion, I cry'd out Fire,—thunder'd, and knock'd as hard as I could, till I rais'd the House, that you might escape in the Hurry. —Now, Sir, if you will speak your Conscience, I do believe this Piece of Policy brought you off:—Your bare Acknowledgment, Sir, will be to me above any Reward.

Ram. It was you then, that knock'd and cry'd out Fire?

Rog. Yes, Sir,—at your service.

Ram. Lend me that Stick in your Hand.

Rog. This Stick, for what, Sir!

Ram. Lend it me I say—

Rog. Here, Sir here.

Ram. Now, will I reward your excellent Piece of Service.

[Beats him.]

Rog. Oh, Sir,—oh, what do you mean, Sir?

Ram. To beat you till you have no Invention left.

Rog. Oh, oh, oh, Sir, will you be ungrateful, Sir, will you be ungrateful?

Ram.

Ram. Was it you, you Dog, hinder'd me of the sweetest Enjoyments Man ever mis'd, just at the very Minute I was to have been happy.

Rog. Oh 'twas well meant, 'twas well meant indeed, Sir.

Ram. Be gone, and come not near me this Week, least I beat thee to Mummy.

Rog. What a cross Fate is here! I expected Reward and Applause, but meet with Reproaches and Stripes—but I'll solace myself with the Thoughts, that the Wise are not always successful.

Fortune's a Filt, and so often doth vary,

That Fools may succeed and Wise Men miscarry.

[Exit.

Ram. In two Attempts I have been defeated already, enough to dishearten any ordinary Lover, but it was the Spite, and Malice of Fortune, and not want of Love in the fair Arabella, therefore as long as she is willing, I will be daring; I am so elevated with the Thoughts of her, that I cannot sleep, but will spend this Night with buffeting with Fortune.

[Engine at the Window.

Eng. Sir,——Mr. Ramble.

Ram. Here—have you prevail'd?—Shall I once more.

Eng. My Lady is willing, she sits up reading and pretends she can't sleep—he is snoring in Bed again—and you have the rarest Opportunity—but my Master took the Key again, after I had lock'd the Door, and we don't know how to get you in.

Ram. Is there no hole nor Window to creep in at?

Eng. Just there, below, is a Cellar Window with a Bar out, the Shutter on the inside is unpinn'd, and will give Way, try if you can get in there if you can, I will go down and shew you up.

Ram. I have found it here——even with the Ground.

Eng. Try if it be wide enough to get through.

Ram. I believe it is.

Eng. I'll come down then and open the Cellar Door.

Ram. Do, do——rare—— [Eng. goes from the Window.
Now for a cleanly Conveyance, that I could but pass and re; as like a Juggler's Ball, or were like an Egg steep'd in Vinegar, to be drawn through the Compass of a Thumb-ring.—Now for the Experiment, by this Time she is come down on the other Side to help me. I'll go Heels forward, because I don't know how far it is to the Bottom—so I am half through, hup—hup—it begins to grow straight, hup—hup—the Reward of Lovers had need be

be sweet, for which they endure so much—hup—hup—hup—
'tis damnable narrow now, but I'll give the other squeeze, hup—
hup—hup—O my Guts—I can't get an Inch farther—what
a Spite is this—I must e'en come out again.

[Engine above at the Window.

Eng. Sir, Sir,—where are you?

Ram. Where are you?

Eng. Here above—the Cook Maid has lock'd the Cellar-
door, and taken out the Key—I can't find it to get down—and
if you can get in you can't come up Stairs.

Ram. I am half in, but if the Door were open, I could not
get any further; I must give over this Night, and think of a
Stratagem against To-morrow,—hup—hup,—hup, I am
stuck fast,—I can neither get quite in, nor out.

Eng. How Sir?—

Ram. Hup a,—hup-a,—hup-a,—'tis so, I am fast,—there
is some damn'd Hook, or Staple on the Inside has got hold
of my Cloaths.

Eng. What will you do now, Sir?

Ram. A pox of Projects—here must I hang like a Monkey
by the Loins.

Eng. Ha, ha, ha,—

Ram. Hift, hift, yonder comes Company, now shall I be
taken for a House-breaker,—oh 'tis none but a Link-Boy.

Link. Sawney was tall, and of noble Race, [Sings going.
And lov'd me better than any can.

Have a Light.

But now he Ligs by another Laff,
And Sawney will ne'er be my Love again.

Have a Light; will you have a Light? [Sings, and
as he passes by Ramble, knocks his Link on his Head, as
by Chance, and Exit.

Ram. A Son of a Whore, knock'd his Link just in my Face.

Eng. Ha, ha, ha,—Excuse me, Sir, I can't forbear,—ha,
ha, ha,—

Ram. S'death how it Scal'd's!

Eng. Hift, Sir, hift.

Ram. Ha! I hear a Casement open above, I fear your Laugh-
ing has waken'd some of the Neighbours.—It's so dark I can't
see—

[A Window opens above, and one
throws a Chamber-pot of Water upon his Head
just as he Looks up.

Oh

Oh, confound-you.

Eng. What's the Matter, Sir?

Ram. One Rogue set me on Fire with a Link, and another has quench'd me with a stale Chamber Pot, faugh, how it stinks.

Eng. That rogueish 'Prentice at the next House does so almost every Night.

Ram. Never was Lover in such a Pickle!

Eng. Truly, this is enough to cool any Body's Courage: But is't not possible for you to get out?

Ram. Hup-a,—hup-a—hup-a—all won't do, I am fast as if I were wedg'd in.

Eng. Be silent! Yonder comes some Body, I hear 'em tread.

Enter two Chimney-Sweepers.

1 *Ch.* Hold, *Tom*, stay; I am damnably grip'd in my Guts, I must slip a Point.

2 *Ch.* Make hast then.

1 *Ch.* Oh, I am damnably full of Wind. [*Stands with his Back just against Ramble's Face, going to untruss.*]

Ram. Faugh! Out you stinking Cur.

1 and 2 *Ch.* Who's there? Who's there?

Ram. A Friend.

1 *Ch.* Who are you? What are you?

Ram. A Gentleman.

2 *Ch.* Oh! a Gentleman.

Ram. Pray help me here, and lend me your Hands.

2 *Ch.* What are you wounded, Sir?

Ram. No, no, coming late to my Lodging, and loath to disturb the House with knocking, because of a sick Person within, I went to get in at the Cellar Window,—and am stuck fast.

1 *Ch.* And can't you get out, Sir?

Ram. No, lend me your help to pull me out.

2 *Ch.* Stay, for ought we know, you may be some Thief breaking into the House.

Ram. No, no, 'tis as I tell you,

1 *Ch.* But how shall we know that?

Eng. 'Tis true, as he tells you, Friends, help the Gentleman out.

2 *Ch.* Oh, nay then, Mistress, we'll do our best.

1 *Ch.* Hark you *Tom*, a rare Opportunity. [*Whispers.*]

2 *Ch.* Ay, ay, well thought on, but are you sure, Sir, you can't get out?

Ram. No, I have been struggling this half Hour?

1 *Ch.*

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1 Ch. Come, Tom, help the Gentleman, take you hold that Arm; hold, Sir, we shall spoil your Hat and Perriwig.

2 Ch. Give me your Sword, Sir, out of your Hand; *Tom*—

1 Ch. Scour away. *[they take his Hat and Perriwig off; clap one of their Sooty Hats on his Head, and run away; they black his Face.]*

Ram. Thieves, Thieves, Thieves!

Eng. What have they done Sir?

Ram. The Rogues instead of helping me, are run away with a Beaver Hat, my Perriwig, and Sword.

Eng. Oh the Rascals! Sir, Sir, your crying out has rais'd the Watch; what will you do now?

Ram. Now shall I be lodg'd in the Compter, and carried before a Magistrate to Morrow, and all the City will ring of me by Noon. I shall be talk'd of in every Coffee-House, and Poor Robin will make me a Jest over all the Nation.

Eng. Give 'em good Words, Sir; I'll withdraw.

Ram. Hift, hift, I'll be silent, it may be they may pass by and not see me.

Enter Watchmen with Lanthorns.

1 W. Here, this Way they cried Thieves; follow, follow.

2 W. Ay; 'twas hertabouts.

3 W. Ha! here lies one upon the Ground.

1 W. Are you kill'd, Sir, speak?

2 W. Ay, if you are dead, pray tell us.

Ram. No, Friend, I am not much hurt.

3 W. Ha, Neighbours, he's half way in at the Grates; this is some Thief.

1 and 2 W. Ay, ay, a Rogue come to rob the House.

Ram. Pray help me out, Friends, and I'll tell you the Truth.

1 W. Hold there; there may be more Rogues in the House; before we take him out, let us knock and raise the House.

1 W. Ay, knock hard. *[Knock hard at the Door.]*

2 W. Rise; Thieves here, Thieves, Thieves in your House.

Ram. Now shall I be disgrac'd.

3 W. Knock hard, knock hard. *[Knock again.]*

Ram. Now, what Lie shall I invent to save my Credit?

1 W. What, don't they hear? Let me knock.

DOODLE above at the Window.

Dood. Hold, hold, are you mad? what's the Matter there, Friends?

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3 *W.* We have catch'd a Thief, creeping in at your Cellar Windows.

Dood. A Thief!

3 *W.* We believe there are some of his Rogues come in the House already; let the Door be open'd and we'll search.

Dood. Honest Watchmen, I thank you——I'll come down to you presently.

Ram. Pray, honest Watchmen, help me out; for I am in a great deal of Pain.

1 *W.* Come, Neighbours, we may venture to pull him out now.

2 *W.* Ay, come—pull you by the Arm:—So pluck, pluck hard———

Ram. Oh——

2 *W.* Nay, you must endure it—Come, Neighbours, away with't, all Hands to work.

Ram. Zounds, my Guts.

2 *W.* So—'tis done—get up, Sir.—

1 *W.* See, the very Iron Bars are bent:

Enter DOODLE in his Gown, with Head Piece, and Bandileers, and a Musquet charg'd and cock'd.

Dood. Come, Where is this Thief? Where are these Rogues? I'll scour among 'em.

2 *W.* Here's one we found sticking fast betwixt the Bars in the Cellar-Grates.

Dood. Was he so, was he so, where are the rest?

3 *W.* We suppose there are some in the Cellar, that got in before.

Dood. Say you so, say you so, if they be there I'll send 'em out, have amongst you blind Harpers.

{ Doodle stops down and shoots the Musquet off in the Cellar-window, falls backward as knock'd down, and lets it fall out of his Hand.

Oh Neighbours, Neighbours, oh!

1 *W.* You han't hurt yourself, Master, I hope?

Dood. O Neighbours, I can't tell, pray see, pray see.

2 *W.* No, Sir, I don't see any Hurt you have.

3 *W.* You don't bleed, Sir.

Dood. Is my right Arm on, is not my Shoulder broke in Pieces?

1 *W.* Stir your Arm, Sir, stir it. Do you feel any Pain?

Dood. No; not at all.

2 *W.* Get

2 *W.* Get up then, Master, there is no Hurt done.

3 *W.* Was it the Recoil of the Musquet beat you down?

Dood. Ay, ah, it was always a damn'd obstinate Piece. Come, where is the Rogue? It was all along of him, let me talk to him.

1. *W.* Whilst you examine him, we'll search below.

Dood. Ay, pray do, *Engine*, go below with the Watchmen.

Enter ARABELLA and ENGINE.

Eng. You must perswade 'em to let him go.

[Exeunt one Watchman and Engine.]

Arab. What is the Matter here, Husband?

Dood. We have catch'd a Thief, Wife, breaking in at the Cellar Window.

Arab. My Dear, this is the Gentleman that was so kind to come and offer his Service to Night, when Fire was cry'd out.

Dood. Is it so? that Cry of Fire was his Plot to rob me, but that Design failing, he has made this new Attempt.

Ram. Sir, I am a Gentleman, and one that scorns such base Actions, I'll tell you in short, Sir, how I came to be fastened in your Window.

Dood. Ay, that, Sir.

Ram. When I left you to Night, I walked down the Street for a little Air; returning, I was dogg'd by two or three Rogues; who came behind me in the Dark, and knocked me down, snatch'd away my Hat, Sword and Perriwig, and began to rifle my Pockets; knowing I had this Purse of Gold about me, I slid from them upon the Ground as far as I could, and struggling with them, found my Feet in at a Cellar-Window, and crowded myself as far in as I could to escape from them, or at least to secure my Pockets. Finding this, the Rogues let go their Hands from my Mouth (which till then was stopp'd) to pull me out, that they might get at my Money: But I cryed Thieves, which the Watch presently hearing, away ran the Rogues, and so I sav'd my Money.

Dood. Then you cryed Thieves yourself?

Ram. Yes; 'twas I.

Dood. And have been robb'd of your Hat and Perriwig?

Ram. Yes.

Dood. How came you so disguised, and your Face black'd, and that Hat upon your Head?

Ram. The Rogues that took mine, clapt this on to muzzle me, and stop't my Breath from calling out; and with their Hands black'd my Face so; the Rogues were Chimney-sweepers, or

some that went in that Disguise to rob, that they might not be suspected for walking about.

Arab. 'Tis very likely, Husband.

Dood. Ay, so 'tis, and if nobody be found in my House, I'll release you.

Enter ENGINE and WATCHMAN.

Watch. We can find no Body, Sir.

Eng. We have look'd so much as in the Oven, and the Cistern.

Dood. Well, Sir, your Servant then. Watchmen, see the Gentleman Home, and call to Morrow, and I'll give you something to drink.

2 and 3 W. Your Servant, Master.

1. W. What, must he go then?

2. W. Ay, he is an honest Gentleman, and has been robb'd himself.

Ram. Sir, 'good Night to you, I am sorry my Misfortunes occasion'd this Disturbance.

Arab. Hark you Sir, now the worst is past, let me put in a Word before you go.

Lord, Sir, that your Mistress was but here in my Place to see you now.

Ram. I should not be much sorry if she were; I am not the first unfortunate Lover, I'd say, it happened to me for her Sake, coming to see her.

Arab. She could not chuse but love you for such a Piece of Knight Errantry, and take you about the Neck and kiss you.

Ram. Not till I had wash'd my Face, fair Lady.

Arab. Oh, don't wash your Face, by no Means, before you see her, for now you are the comliest black Gentleman, methinks.

Ram. Well, well, Lady, insult o'er my Misfortunes.

Arab. At least, Sir, let your Picture be drawn in this Posture, to present to her, and write underneath, *The wandering Knight.*

Dood. Dear, you are too bold with the Gentleman.

Ram. I am glad my Afflictions yield any Diversion; another Time it may be my Turn to laugh; I confess I am a little out of Countenance now.

Arab. What, such a handsome proper Gentleman as you are, out of Countenance? Fy, fy, methinks a Man of your Complexion should not blush at any Thing.

Dood. Pray excuse her, Sir, my Wife's a merry prattling Wag.

Ram. I like her never the worse.

Dood. Good Night, Sir; good Night, Neighbours.

Ram.

Ram. Your Servant, good Sir, good Night Mrs. Mag-Pye.

Arab. Chimney sweep; boh.

Dood. Come, Wife, you were a little too severe with the Gentleman.

Arab. What, should I have no Revenge of him for disturbing us, and raising us out of our Beds?

Ram. Come, Gentlemen, forward to my Lodgings, this Way; stay, yonder's somebody with a Light, I would not be seen—

Enter TOWNLY and TOM.

Town. Now, you Dog, am not I very merry? This 'tis to be drunk you Dog. [Townly singing.

Tom. Sir, don't make a Noise, we are near the Watch.

Town. Watch, shew them me, that I may scour amongst them; I ne'er kill'd a Watchman yet.

1 W. Who goes there?

Town. You are a Son of a Whore.

[Sings.

Ram. 'Tis Townly drunk.

2 W. Knock him down.

Ram. Be kind to him, 'tis a Friend of mine, he's in drink.

Town. Hold—a Truce——Friend of thine! who the Devil art thou?

3 W. Well, Master, for your Sake——

Town. For his Sake! what's he, a Devil. or one of the Black Guards here upon Earth?—No, in my Conscience, 'tis a Jesuit.

Tom. By his Cloaths, Sir, it should be Mr. Ramble.

Town. Ramble! What a Pox, I should know Ramble from a black Sheep. Hold up your Light; Ramble: What a Pox dost thou thus like the Prince of Darkness, with these Hell-hounds about thee, and in this Pickle?

Ram. Misfortunes, Frank, Misfortunes.

Town. Thou art an unseasonable Blockhead, Ned, to go a Masquerading thus, when it has been so long out of Fashion.

1 W. The Gentleman has been knock'd down, and robb'd Sir.

Town. Ay, Neighbours, that counts of Whoring.

Ram. Hold your Tongue, you'll make a Discovery, I confess I was about the other Intrigue I told you of.

Town. And the Husband came, and you were forced to creep up the Chimney to get away. This comes of your Whoring still. Hark you, Friends, did you not catch this Gentleman Catterwauling upon the Ridge of a House.

3. W. No, Sir, stuck fast in a Cellar-Grate, half in, and half out.

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Town. What, Burglary, *Ned*, Burglary—worfe and worfe ; this comes of Whoring still.

2 *W.* No, Master, 'twas no Burglary—he crawl'd into he Grate to save his Money ; he lost but his Hat, Perriwig, and Sword.

Town. This comes of Whoring still. Hereafter, *Ned*, be rul'd by me ; leave lewd Whoring, and fall to honest drinking. You see I am not turned Conjuror, nor like one that has been studying the *Black Art* ; Wine won't disguise a Man half so much as Whoring, *Ned*.

Ram. Come, prihee go home, Watchmen, forward, this Gentleman and I lodge in the same House.

Town. Look you Friends, I'll go home if you please ; but for this *Tartar* here, e'n take a Lodging for him at some great Inn ; hang out his Picture, blow a Trumpet, and shew him for Groats a-piece. I warrant you, you'll raise a Patrimony ; be wise, I say, and get Money by him, you'll never have the Opportunity of such a Monster.

1 *W.* The Gentleman's disposed to be merry with you, Master.

Town. Well, *Ned*, fare thee well. To tell you the Truth, I am a little asham'd of your Company at present, I am sorry to leave my Friend in Affliction ; but this comes of whoring *Ned* ; this comes of your Whoring. [*Exeunt Town. and Tom.*]

2 *W.* What Master are you gone ?

Ram. Hang him, let the Tyrant go ; 'twill be my Turn to insult one of these Days. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter TOWNLY and RAMBLE.

Town. **N**EVER was a more unfortunate Adventure! The Husband unexpectedly to come home when you were going to bed to his Wife ; a false Alarm of Fire when she was com to you ; a third Defeat, by sticking fast in a Window, there to be burnt with a Link, drown'd with a Chamber-

ber-pot, and robb'd of your Cloaths, taken by the Watch, suspected for a Thief, the House alarm'd, the Husband see you, your Mistress jeer you, your Friend to come by and laugh at you in all thy Afflictions ; now, truly, may'st thou sing *fortune's my Foe.*

Ram. But you were a little too unmerciful, considering how my Supper fell into your Mouth but just before—that the Devil should send you there just in the critical Minute.

Town. Right ; there was another fine Turn of Fortune ; you started the Hare, gave her the long Course, I fell in by Chance, and took her at the half Turn.

Ram. I could curse my Stars.

Town. 'Tis in vain : they will shed their malicious Influence. You will have no Luck at Intrigues, I always told you so ; therefore for the future, make your Court to the Bottle, Ned, to the Bottle——

Ram. I would take your Counsel, and forswear all Woman-kind, but for the Hope I have to bring one of these two Designs to Perfection yet. My first Mistress err'd through Mistake ; the Second jeer'd me to blind her Husband.

Town. Still wilt thou be misled by Hopes ; Hope is yet more flattering far than Women, and a greater Jilt than Fortune ; 'tis the grand Bawd to all ill Luck.

Enter ROGER with a Letter.

Rog. Here's a Letter, Sir, to be deliver'd to you with all Speed.

Ram. Ha—let me see it quickly— [Opens it and reads.
From Eugenia.

Town. Ay, the Devil is coming abroad again to hinder your Conversion. [Ramble reads.

SIR,

My Husband will be from Home all this Morning, I am very desirous to be inform'd of the Particulars of last Night's Misfortunes ; Curiosity forces me, in Spight of my Blushes, to give you this Invitation.

Enter at the back Door without Knocking ; if you meet not Jane below, come directly up Stairs.—
Good.

Town. Here is another Sprindge laid to catch the Woodcock.

Town. Frank, is not this Temptation now ? Is it to be resisted think you ? Can Flesh and Blood forbear going ?

Town. Truly, here is a fair Appearance.

Ram. What can hinder now ?

Town.

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Town. The old Devil may dance again.

Ram. *Frank Townly*, give me thy Hand—If I fail now, I will, from this Time, give over Assignations and Stratagems, and be thy Convert for ever——

Town. Upon these Terms I consent to part with thee. Adieu.

Ram. Adieu. Now you shall see me return triumphant. [*Ex.*

SCENE II.

Enter EUGENIA and JANE.

Eug. *Jane*, have you sent my Letter?

Jane. Yes, Madam, but the Messenger is not return'd.

Eug. It was a very strange Accident last Night—I cannot but think on't. I would fain know the Riddle—I can't imagine how it came about.

Jane. Mr. *Ramble*, when he comes, will inform you all: I look'd out at the Window, and saw them both go away together—they were old Acquaintance.

Eug. I hope the Gentleman whoever he was, had Discretion enough to evade the Acknowledgement of what past—

Jane. I fear Mr. *Ramble* over heard too much—and that was the Occasion he drew his Sword—

Eug. Worst come to the Worst—If I cannot cover it with Denials, he must acknowledge it but a Mistake, and himself in fault.

Jane. Ay, Madam, what made him absent?

Eug. *Jane*, be you about the Door below, and watch for the Answer, or his coming. [*Jane exit.*

I do not yet comprehend the Meaning of this Stranger; what made him so curious to spy into the Secrets of the Family the first Night of his coming; there is a Mystery too in that—here he comes—now I'll dive into that Matter.

Enter LOVEDAY.

Love. Madam, good Morrow to you, I have watch'd your Husband's going out to get an Opportunity to speak with you in private. Nay, blush not, Madam, at any thing that pass'd last Night; what Knowledge I have gather'd of your Secrets lies buried in this Breast; the Frolick I play'd last Night was harmless, and for Mirth's sake, and such, as I hope you can freely pardon.

Eug. I hope you have Honour enough to conceal a Woman's Failing; there was no Ill intended by that Gentleman's being there, but the Discovery of the Person might have prov'd dangerous, and given great Cause of Suspicion.

Love. I had not proceeded so far, but to clear the House of a Rival.

Eug.

Eug. What mean you, Sir?

Love. By a Rival, I mean an Intruder to your Affections, one that invaded my Right.

Eug. I understand you not, Sir.

Love. *Eugenia*, Marriage, has intitled you your Husband's; your Duty and Obedience are his, but if you have any Love to spare beside, I claim it as my Due.

Eug. As your Due!—I confess you have play'd the Spy, and know my Secrets, therefore may think to make me comply, and to keep me in Awe, by threatening to discover last Night's Transactions to my Husband; but that is a poor Design.

Love. No, Lady, I scorn that; I have better Pretensions, and a noble Claim—Look well on me, tho' in Disguise, do you not know me!

Eug. Know you?

Love. Am I not like one you once lov'd, and to whom you often kindly said, you never could love any other Man? Is *Loveday* so lost in your Remembrance? Have seven Years so alter'd me, that I am in nothing like the Man I was?

Eug. *Loveday*! Is it you? Forgive my Excess of Wonder, your Growth and the Small-pox have so alter'd you, that I scarce know you in any Thing but your Voice, and even that is alter'd too.

Love. You see, *Eugenia*, how subject we are to change; but my Heart is still the same, and I wish yours were so too.

Eug. Be assur'd, *Loveday*, I can never hate the Man I once lov'd so much.

Love. How young and innocent were we in our first Loves, and all our Vows sincere—but Time and Absence has effac'd them quite, and your Heart has taken new Impressions. O, *Eugenia*, 'tis Death to me to see you, and not to see you mine.

Eug. Speak not too much, my *Loveday*, lest you again raise the Flame was never quite extinct, for still it lies hot and glowing at my Heart—But tell me, why came you in this Disguise, and with a Pretence to be a Servant?

Love. When I return'd from Travel, I heard the fatal News of your Marriage, but excus'd you, because your Friends deceiv'd you, and I was absent.

Eug. Alas! They told me you were dead, and I heard it several Times confirm'd.

Love. That was our Parents Plot to divide our Affections. The writ the same to me of you.

Eug.

Eug. Had I known you were living——

Love. Well, *Eugenia*, say no more of that. I come now to play an after Game; though you are married, and your Person is your Husband's, I claim a Share in your Affections; since wholly I cannot enjoy, allow me what Part you can. I cannot live without your Kindness; and since your inclinations to a Gallant are partly privileg'd by the Constraint of your Marriage. I claim that Time.

Eug. I confess, I once lov'd you, nor had my Affections ever abated, but from the Report of your Death; the Sight of you revives them again—be you discreet, and I cannot be unkind.

Love. Bless'd *Eugenia*!

Eug. But why came you in this Disguise!

Love. To get Admittance into your House.

Eug. How came you by that Letter of Recommendation from my Husband's Brother?

Love. I took it from a young Man that had been his Servant at *Hamburg*.—He desirous to return to live in *England*, obtain'd it from his Master, to recommend him to your Husband.—Coming in the same Ship together, I learnt from his Discourse he depended upon Service, and what Provision he had made for his Reception here—I receiv'd him into mine, took this Letter from him with Design to personate him here, which has succeeded so fortunately, as once more to introduce me to the Presence of my dear, long lov'd *Eugenia*.

Eug. How shall I recompence this Constancy!

Love. Love is the best Reward of Love. I cannot long remain in this Disguise, for I must appear to my Friends, who expect my Arrival every Day; therefore, let slip no Opportunity may make us bless'd.

Eug. My dear *Love*, say.

Love. Now the Hour is inviting; your Husband Abroad, Nobody to observe or restrain our Desires:—Say—shall we now? Blush not, nor turn thy Head into my Bosom, but to thy Chamber, my Dear.

Eug. You have prevail'd—and I have Power to refuse you nothing—retire in there, expect my coming; I will only give some necessary Orders to my Maid, and come to you presently.

Love. My dear Soul, make haste, for Love has but a short Time to reap the Harvest of many Years. [Exit.

Eug. I must contradict my Orders to *Jane*, lest I be surpris'd

priz'd by Mr. Ramble; his coming now is to be avoided as well as my Husband's. O Jane, what News!

Enter JANE.

Jane. Madam, Mr. Ramble was gone abroad, but his Man is run to look him, to give him your Letter.

Eug. No Matter for his coming now, I have alter'd my Mind, I am glad he was not at home.

Jane. Will you not see him now if he comes?

Eug. Not now. I will tell you my Reasons another Time.

Jane. Well, Madam, 'tis ten to one whether his Man finds him.

[Going away towards the Chamber.]

Eug. Whither are you going?

Jane. Into your Chamber to make your Bed.

Eug. No, no, I'll go to Bed again for an Hour.

Jane. I'll lay it smooth then for you.

Eug. Hold, don't go in; go down and remain below till I call you, but watch my Husband's coming; be as diligent to give me Notice, as if Mr. Ramble were here.

[exit.]

Jane. Yes, Madam. What can the Meaning of this be? or is he in her Chamber already, and she would not have me know it? It must be so by her not letting me go in—he slipt up Stairs whilst I was absent.—This is but a sudden Fit of Modesty in her; I shall know all anon.

[exit.]

LOVEDAY and EUGENIA in the Bed-Chamber, he unbutton'd, sitting on the Bed-side.

Love. Come to my Arms, dear, kind Creature, and let me gaze upon thy Charms a while, before the Curtains are drawn round us, and Day is shut from our Sight. Thus could I look, and kiss and hug for ever. O! I am in an Extacy of Joy.

Eug. Come you hither to talk, my Dear?

Love. O dear Soul, how kind was that Rebuke? Come now to Bed—to Bed, that we may plunge in Bliss, and dive in the sweet Ocean of Delight.

Eug. Somebody knocks at the Door—Who's there?

Jane. *[Without]* Madam, my Master is below and just coming up to you.

Eug. O, good Wench, run down and stop him a little.

Jane. He's coming up Stairs now.

Love. Where shall I hide myself?

Eug. Here in the Maid's Chamber:—the Door's lock'd, and the Key out.

Love. Never a Closet in the Room?

Eug.

Eug. Sir,—here, here, cover yourself in the Bed. I'll draw the Curtains round you.

Love. O, any where.

[She covers him in the Bed, shuts the Curtains, and sits upon a Cushion by the Bed-side, as reading.]

Eug. So, now for my Book and a Cushion, and to my Devotions—

Enter DASHWELL and JANE.

Jane. Pray, Sir, don't go in there, I am just going to make the Bed.

Dash. Well, I shan't stay——What is your Mistress doing?

Jane. What she is always doing, Sir, praying, I think—

Dash. O, yonder she is—Come, Wife, prithee lay by thy Book, I did never see the like on thee, thou art always handling one good Thing or another.

[exit Jane.]

Eug. I had just done, Husband, and was coming down—that *Jane* might clean the Room. Come, will you go below?

Dash. No, prithee, stay a little, Wife, I came only to see thee, and tell thee the News—the Bride and Bridegroom are come from Church—

Eug. Where were they married?—

Dash. They would have no Licence, and so were married at the *Minories*, a Place at Liberty, because it was more private—

Eug. I would not have been married at one of those ungodly, unsanctified Chapels, methinks, for ne'er so much—'Tis very unlucky they say—

Dash. What Luck Mr. Alderman will have, I know not; 'tis such a Match methinks—the Bride is more fit to play with a *Bartholomew* Baby, than to have a Husband; Cuds niggs, a Cock Sparrow would be too many for her.

Eug. How you talk, Husband—and who was there at the Wedding!

Dash. Only his Brother Alderman and myself, and an old Woman the Bride, calls Aunt.—Wife—come hither Wife—prithee Wife come.

Enter JANE.

Jane. Madam won't you please to go down?

Dash. *Jane*, Go down and fetch up your Mistress's Caudle.

Jane. Sir, my Mistress has eaten her Breakfast already.

Dash. Eh—pouh—fetch me a Candle, and my Tobacco box.

Jane.

Jane. Lord, Sir, you won't offer to take Tobacco here, in my Mistress's Chamber.

Dash. Hark, somebody knocks.

Jane. No, Sir, no.——

Dash. Eh, pouh, pish—here, take the Key of my Compting-house, and fetch the Pacquet of Letters, that lies in the Window.

Jane. You know, Sir, I could never open that scurvy Door in my Life

Dash. Pox of this dull Wench—she has put me by, I shan't have such a Mind again this Month: Well, Wife, I'll leave thee; I must go and dine with 'em; I promis'd them not to stay, fare thee well, I'll come and see you before Night. [exit.

Eug. As you please, Husband; *Jane*, go down and stay below.

Jane. Yes, Madam—Am I again sent away? I can see nobody—What can the Matter be?—I shall find it out. [exit.

Eug. His Absence never was more wish'd—Are you not in a Sweat, Sir?

Love. I am almost smother'd with the Cloaths, I lay so still, I durst scarcely breathe; if he had proceeded in his Kindness to you, there had been more Sacks to th' Mill—I should have a fine Time on't.

Eug. *Jane's* coming was very lucky.

Love. Would he not have been put off, think you?

Eug. Yes; he's never very troublesome,

Love. Is he quite gone, think you?

Eug. Stay, lie still a little; I'll look out at Window, and see if he be gone forth.

Love. Do, let all be secure; and then *Eugenia*, let us to Bed with all the eager Haste that ever Lovers made.

Eug. Hark, I think I hear him coming up Stairs again.

Love. Then like a Snail, I will draw in my Horns once more.

Eug. Shut, shut the Curtain.

Enter RAMBLE followed by JANE.

Jane. Hold, Sir, hold, you must not go in

Ram. You are mistaken, Mrs. *Jane*.

Jane. My Mistress charg'd me to the contrary.

Ram. I tell you, you are mistaken. I had a Letter from her. She sent for me—

Jane. But, Sir, my Master—

Eug. Who is that, *Jane*, Mr. *Ramble*?

Ram. 'Tis I, Madam, your humble Servant—

Eug. Leave us, *Jane*.

Ram. I receiv'd your Letter, kiss'd it a thousand Times, and made what haste I could to obey your Summons.

Eug. Things are alter'd since my Husband——

Ram. He's safe Madam, I saw him go out.

Eug. He will be back again immediately.

Ram. I heard him tell a Servant, as he went forth, that he should not return till Evening.

Eug. He's gone but cross the Street; I am sure he will not stay long; let me beg you therefore to shorten your Visit.

Ram. You seem to drive me hence; do you repent you sent for me?

Eug. No, Sir; but I was so scar'd last Night, that I dare not run too great a hazard, it imports me, Sir, to be wary.

Ram. Well, that Conjuring Rascal, was a witty Fellow; when he first began his Frolick he made me in a sweat with Apprehension.

Eug. I was in a sad Trembling too.

Ram. His calling me forth at last for a Devil, was an excellent Piece of Service.

Eug. I fear'd that would have discover'd all.

Ram. I had a Rheum tickled my Throat, and if he had not by that Device deliver'd me, my Cough would have burst out; I had long before much ado to smother it.

Eug. It was a fair Escape indeed: therefore, let us prevent the like Accidents for the future; wherefore, if you love me, or ever hope for my Kindness, go away now, for fear of a Mischief.

Ram. What leave you already, when you sent for me?

Eug. By that you see my Kindness, were it convenient; therefore, pray go.

Ram. We have not yet talk'd half enough; you have given me no Account of the Mistake that happen'd after.

Eug. The greatest Mistake was in you at the Door—There was no Harm else in it.

Ram. Nay, I ask'd not the Question to raise Blushes in your Cheeks; they were beautiful enough before, and you may spare 'em; nor can your Words inform me much more than I know already; for that Person was my intimate Friend and Acquaintance; and I have sworn him to Secrecy.

Eug. I am apt to believe, you thought more than was, and that he spoke more than he ought—this is not a Time to come to a right Understanding; therefore, I beg you would leave me at present—for that young Man is still in the House, and should he see you again—

Ram. If he should, I'll bribe him to Secrecy.

Eug. I would not for all the World he should see you again to know you, lest he should shew you to my Husband, and spoil

spoil all Commence for the future : therefore, as you hope for future Kindness, and respect my Quiet, be gone.

Ram. I dare refuse you nothing ; but methinks so fair an Opportunity should not be lost, your Husband abroad, you undress'd, your Bed there, I hear—

Dash. Without, Jane, Jane, where are you.

Eug. Undone! that's my Husband's Voice coming up Stairs.

Ram. I'll under the Bed—

Eug. You can't, it's too low.

Ram. I'll into't then.

Eug. Hold, no, no, my Husband's come Home to go to Bed, he's not well.

Ram. What shall I say.

Jane. [Without.] Have a Care, Sir, have a Care—

Eug. Draw your Sword, be angry, threaten, swear you'll kill.

Ram. Who, your Husband?

Eug. Any Body—No Matter—hunt about, as if you look'd for somebody.

Enter DASHWELL and JANE.

Jane. I say have a Care—have a Care—

Dash. Have a Care of what, you silly Baggage—Wife, what Means your Trembling?

Eug. O Lord, Husband, I am so frighted—

Dash. Ha! a drawn Sword—what's he there?—who are you, Sir? What would you have, Sir?

Ram. Have, Sir—

Eug. Indeed, Sir, he is not here—pray be pacified—

Ram. I'll be the Death of him; his Blood shall pay for the Affront.

Eug. Indeed, Sir, he is not here.

Ram. Come, come, down on your Knees all of you and confess.

Dash. What means this Wife?

Ram. Down on your Knees, Sir.

Dash. Knees, Sir!

Eug. He is not here upon my Word, Sir—

Dash. He is not here, indeed, Sir—who is it Wife?

Ram. He must be here, I follow'd him.

Jane. Indeed, Sir, he went out again.

Ram. No, he must be hereabouts; I'll not leave a Corner unsearch'd—ha—

[He counterfeits a
Rage, throws open the Curtains, pulls off the Bed-cloaths,
and discovers Loveday in Bed—Eugenia shrieks, runs to
Ramble, catches his Arm, and swoons.

Eug. Ah!

Dash. A Man in my Bed!

F 2

Jane.

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Jane. Oh hold, Sir, for Heaven's Sake, my Mistress swoons, she'll die away—she's with Child—you'll make her miscarry.

Ram. Madam, be not frightened, I'll not meddle with him, now for your Sake.

Dash. What Means all this ?

Ram. Your House shall at present be his Sanctuary, and protect the Man that hath done me such Injuries, but when I meet him Abroad, let him guard well his Throat, had he twenty Lives, he should not live one Hour after.

Dash. Pray, Sir, let me know the Meaning of this, and how the young Man has offended you ?

Ram. I cannot think on't without Rage, let some of them tell you.

Dash. What have you done to the Gentleman to provoke him ?

Love. Done to him, Sir—No great Matter done—

Eug. I'll tell you, Husband—*Jane* being in the Street, and seeing this Gentleman pass by, was so foolish to shriek and cry out, the Devil, the Devil,—the Gentleman following her, and pressing to know the Meaning, she told him she saw the Devil in his Shape last Night ; and how one in this House rais'd him in his Likeness ! Upon this the Gentleman, being incens'd, rush'd into the House, ran into every Room to look for the young Man, and had lik'd to have surpriz'd him in his Chamber, but fortunately hearing him threaten, slipp'd down Stairs and run in here for Shelter ; and had not *Jane* and I hid him in my Bed, he had certainly been murder'd.

Ram. Do you not think, Sir, I had Reason to be angry ?

Dash. What a silly Baggage were you ?

Jane. Truly, Sir, it was my Fright, the Devil last Night, and this Gentleman were so like—

Dash. Nay, he was very like him, that's the Truth on't.

Ram. Sir, now you know the Reason, I hope you'll excuse my intruding into your House, and beg your Pardon, Madam, for frightening you—As for that Conjurer, let him beware how he stirs over your Threshold ; he may safer leave his Circle, when he's raising the Devil, than stir forth out of these Doors : Let him look too't ; so your Servant, your Servant ;—Oh, false, damn'd false Woman ! [exit.]

Dash. *Jane*, go down and lock the Door after him, lest, he should return and surprize us.

Love. Madam, I thank you ; truly, Sir, under Heaven, I think your Lady has sav'd my Life ; for had it not been for her, he had certainly murder'd me.

Dash. He's a damn'd cholerick Fellow, I am glad you escap'd
so

so well, Sir, keep close to Day, To-morrow I'll provide for you out of his Reach; I have found a Friend that will entertain you in a very good Employment.

Love. I thank you, Sir.

Eug. How happen'd that you return'd so luckily, Husband?

Dash. By especial Providence, I think—I was to have din'd where I told you, but all that's prevented. Mr. Alderman is not like to bed his Bride to Night.

Eug. How, is any Thing happen'd amiss?

Dash. Nothing of Harm to either of them—but Alderman Doodle brought him News from Change, that there is a Ship come up the River, in which they have both very great concerns—I cannot tell you the Particulars, but a Messenger is come on purpose from the Master of the Ship, to desire 'em to take Boat and go down this Tide—I suppose some Seizure of prohibited Goods, or the like, I did not enquire into the Matter—but they must go.

Eug. I am glad it is no worse—but 'tis some great Business that can call him away from his Bride the first Night of his Marriage too—

Dash. Nay, they are in such haste they cannot stay Dinner, but that is because of the Tide, I suppose—

Eug. And that is the Reason, Husband, you are come back?

Dash. Yes, their Wedding Dinner is deferr'd till their Return; and I am glad it fell out so, since my coming has sav'd a Man's Life, for ought I know.

Eug. Indeed, so am I, Husband: What a sad Thing it would have been, if a Man had been kill'd in your House.

Dash. No, no, it is better as 'tis; come let us have Dinner in good Time—

Eug. Yes, presently, Husband; I'll go below and give Orders for it. [Exit.]

Dash. Come, Sir, whilst Dinner is getting ready, you and I will take a Turn in the Garden, there we'll talk further of your Concerns, and I'll let you know how I intend to provide for you.

Love. I'll attend you, Sir—I thank you for your generous Care.—*Eugenia*, now I like thee more than ever—how handsomely she brought all off. [Exeunt.]

Enter WISEACRES and DOODLE.

Wife. Come, Brother, are you ready to go?

Dood. I have sent for my Wife to speak two or three words with her, and I have done—Methinks it is very unlucky, that Business should fall out thus on your Wedding-Day, and force you to leave

your Bride unbedded.

Wife. 'Tis so at present, but hereafter, I shall never be much concern'd at any Thing that calls me away, knowing what Security I have of my Wife in my Absence, from her Simplicity, and I will shew you an Example, that shall confute all your Arguments to the contrary, and convince you of your Error.

Dood. I shall not be converted without a Miracle.

Wife. I read a very pretty Passage in a Waggish Book, when I was a Prentice, and it has run in my Head ever since, and now I will practice it on my Wife—you shall behold and wonder.

Dood. Well, let's see.

Wife. Ho, Wife——*Peggy*——

Enter AUNT and PEGGY.

Aunt. Here, and please you is your Bride—*Peggy*, where's your Curtesie, to your Nuncle and the Gentleman?

Wife. There's my dainty *Peggy*.

Aunt. There is a Gentlewoman without, your Wife, I humbly suppose, enquires for you.

Wife. Tell her he is about a little private Business.

Dood. And that I'll wait on her presently.

Wife. O he, wait upon your Wife—that he'll come presently is enough.

Dood. Well, that I'll come presently. [*Aunt exits.*]

Wife. And return to us again to take Charge of *Peggy*, for I'll not have her see any London Wife, especially a witty Wife.

Dood. Well, well, Mr. Alderman—come—to my Conversion now, make haste, or my Wife won't stay.

Wife. There 'tis now again—won't stay—there's a witty Wife for you.

Dood. Well, well—pray to the Business.

Wife. Now, pray sit down and observe.

Peggy. here come to me, *Peggy*.

Peg. Yes, forsooth.

[*Peg. makes two Curtsies.*]

Wife. Your Curtesie—so, that's as I am your Uncle, another now, as I am your Husband—so, now stand before me—you know *Peggy*, you are now my Wife.

Peg. Yes, forsooth; so Naunt tells me.

Wife. And that is a Happiness, for which you are to thank Heaven, that you have married a discreet sober Person.

Peg. Yes, forsooth.

[*Re-enter Aunt.*]

Wife. One that will keep and preserve you from all the mad roaring Bears, Bulls, and Lions, in the Town, that would without him, devour thee alive.

Peg. Oh, but forsooth, Nuncle husband, you won't let 'em now,

now, will you?

Wife. No, no; and for this, you're to observe my Will and Pleasure in all Things, and to fear and tremble at offending me.

Wife. Now tell me *Peggy*, do you know what Love is?

Peg. Love, it is to give one fine Things.

Wife. How know you that, *Peggy*?

Peg. Because, forsooth, Nuncle Husband, Naunt said you lov'd me, and therefore, that you gave me this Petticoat and Manto, and these Ribbands, and this, and this.

Dood. O, very well, she'll learn in Time.—

Wife. But now you are my Wife, *Peggy*, and you are to love me, and the Love of a Wife to her Husband, is to do all Things, that he desires and commands.

Peg. Yes, forsooth:

Wife. But, besides the Love of a Wife, *Peggy*, there is the Duty of a Wife: Do you know what the Duty of a Wife is?

Peg. Duty, Nuncle, what's that?

Wife. I have not Time to instruct you to Night in the whole Duty of a Wife, because Business calls me away,—I will therefore only inform you at present what the Duty of a Wife is to her Husband at Night, which is to watch while he is a sleep, and be his Guard, whilst he takes his Rest.

Peg. Yes, forsooth.

Enter ARABELLA looking in at the Door, absconding.

Arab. I have heard all so far, but now I'll venture to peep and see a little.

Wife. That Duty, *Peg.* is to be done in this Manner;—Here, put on this fine gilt Cap and Feather,—now, take this Lance in your Hand,—so, now let me see you walk two or three turns about the Room,—so, now this are you to do most Part of the Night:

Peg. Yes, forsooth, Nuncle; O dear Aunt, are not these very pretty Things?

Arab. The Fool's pleas'd! O Simplicity!

Wife. And this Respect must you shew in my Absence; for tho' I shall not be here present to Night, yet upon my Pillow, do I here leave my Night-Cap, which is the Emblem of me, your Husband; and you must shew all Duty and Reverence to that Night-Cap, as if it were myself.

Peg. Yes, forsooth.

Arab. O ridiculous!

Dood,

Dood. Can she be so very simple to believe this?

Wife. Peace, let me alone. And *Peggy*, tho' you may not have been us'd to see this Duty of a Wife practis'd in the Country, yet this is the Duty of a Wife here in *London*, when their Husbands are absent, and you must do as they do here in *London*.—So now, Wife, let me see you practise this Lesson: Begin your March,—make your Curtesie to my Night-Cap,—so—this likewise must you do when you leave off at break of Day, as your Aunt will instruct you: And this, *Peggy*, you'll be sure to do.

Peg. O indeeds, Nuncle,—yes.—

Wife. So, now help to unharness her.

Arab. I can hardly forbear any longer.—

Dood. Well, never was there such a Piece of Simplicity as this seen before.

Wife. Now will she be watching all Night, and asleep all the Day; so will she be always free from the Impertinences of the World, and I can have no Dread upon me in my Absence of her Misbehaviour.

Dood. 'Tis strange she should be so impos'd on.

Wife. What Security like this, can such as you have with your witty Wives, who with gadding Abroad, or staring out of Window, and Balconies at Home, will draw all the Fool-flies in the Town buzzing about 'em, till they are blown, and their Reputations tainted.

Dood. Well, you have your Humour,—I say no more; but I would fain see the first Year of your Marriage over.

Wife. Well, now I'll be taking my Leave—I commit *Peggy* to your Care.—you see what Task I have set her all Night: I think I shall return To-Morrow; but if any Thing hinder,—every Night, whilst I am Absent, let her do the same.—

Aunt. Yes, yes.

Wife. Keep you the Key of her Chamber,—about break of Day, go in and put her to Bed,—let her sleep till Noon; then put her to Bed in the Afternoon again, and let her sleep till Evening. Keep my Doors shut all Day,—and let her remain thus in Ignorance. So fare you well till I see you again.—Adieu my *Peggy*.

Peg. Adieu, forsooth, Nuncle-husband.

Wife. There's my best *Peggy*.

I wonder now what kind of Caution you give your Wife; and what Security you'll have of her Behaviour in your Absence.

Enter

Enter ARABELLA.

Arab. A little better I hope than you have of your Mistress Ninny there.

Wife. Is she here?

Arab. But I'll give her a Lesson shall make her wiser.

Wife. Go, withdraw.—

Arab. No, pray stay a little, I'll keep the Door.—Lie there Stool.—

Dood. What Frolick now, Wife?

Arab. You are going out of Town, Husband?

Dood. Yes, Wife.

Arab. Do your Duty then, and come and kiss me.—

Dood. Ay, with all my Heart, Wife.

Arab. Nay, come not round,—but over the Stool,—nay, jump, jump; come over for the King,—here.

[Doodle jumps over and kisses her.

Dood. So, there, Wife.

Arab. So, now back again this Way,—for the Queen.

[She goes round the Stool, and he jumps back again.

Dood. So, thou art such a Wag, Wife.

Arab. There's a Husband for you.—Look you, little Gentle-woman, your Husband has taught you your Duty, now do you teach him his, and make him do this every Night and Morning,—you must learn your Husband to come over and over, again and again, and make him glad to jump at a —, I'll tell you another.—

Wife. She'll ruin all my Design,—here—good Neighbour, take your Wife home.—

Arab. You teach your Wife to reverence your Night-Cap. Look ye, Mistress Peggy, take his greasy Night-Cap thus, and throw it down Stairs, and him after it.

Wife. Away, Peggy, away,—this is a Mad Woman, see how she flings about,—away, or she will tear thee to Pieces.

Peg. O la! Aunt,—Aunt!

Aunt. Ay, come away, Peggy,—away.—

Wife. So, so; lock her up in a Room till they are gone.

Dood. So, so, enough, Wife, thou hast had thy Frolick.

Arab. You are a fine Man indeed, marry a Woman to make a Fool of her: You shall learn her more Wit, or every Wife in the Parish shall be her School Mistress.

Wife. Well, your Husband here may do what he pleases with you.—Let me alone to give my Wife what Instructions I think fit,—I'd fain see what Course he'll take with you now.

Dood. Why look you, my Wife has a good forward Wit of her

her own, and needs but little Admonition ; but you hear now what I say to my Wife—Well, dear, I sent for thee to let thee know I am going, and to take my leave of thee.

Arab. Thank you, Husband.

Dood. Now, Wife, I need give thee no Instructions how to behave yourself while I am gone,—I trust all to thy own Discretion.

Arab. I warrant you, Husband, I have Wit enough not to do myself any Harm ; and for any I do you, I have Wit enough not to let you know it,—and there's an old saying, Husband, *What the Eye sees not, the Heart grieves not.*

Dood. Law you there, my Wife will have her Jest, you see.

Wife. And this, Brother, you call her Wagery.

Dood. Ay, ay.

Arab. Therefore, Husband, as Business calls you from me, I think it my right to bid you make haste back again ; for tho' you carry the Key of your Treasure with you, yet you cannot be secure, since every Man has a Key fitted to the same Wards.

Dood. Well, Wife, I durst trust thee among all the Picklocks in England,—and I have only one Thing to request of thee.

Arab. What is that !

Dood. Only this,—That till my Return, all impertinent Men, that ask you Questions, or talk to you, answer 'em all with No,—let 'em say what they please, let your Answer still be, No, no, no.

Arab. Well, Husband, I guess at your Meaning ; and till I see you again, I will be sure to sing no other Tune to any Manner of Man but No,—that I answer or say to 'em shall be nothing but,—No, no, no.

Dood. You promise me.

Arab. Yes,—sincerely.

Dood. What will you forfeit if you break your Word ?

Arab. The Locket of Diamonds you promis'd to buy me ?

Dood. Good ; bear Witness, Mr. Alderman,—I have done Wife.

Wife. And this is all the Surety you take ?

Dood. Yes.

Arab. And a wiser Course than you have taken, I hope, that leaves your Wife to walk about your Chamber all Night in Armour, like an enchanted Knight upon Fairy-Ground.

Wife. I wish he may find it so.

Dood. Ay, ay, let us see who'll have Reason to complain first.—Now Wife, we'll be going to the Water-side.

Wife. We must make haste, or we shan't get Things ready to go down this Tide.—

Dood.

Dood. Wife, you remember your Promise?

Arab. Yes.

Dood. Then, Wife, Adieu.

Arab. Da, da, Husband.

Well! No, is the Word. What can be made of this No?

Now let a Woman, if Circumstances bit.

Once try without her Tongue to show her Wit. [Exeunt.



ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter TOWNLY, RAMBLE, ROGER, in the Street.

Ram. **T**O Night, Frank, I am for a Bottle, or any Thing, with thee; my own ill Fortune and thy Counsel, have at last converted me.

Town. Do you think you shall not relapse?

Ram. I have not the least Inclination now to any Intrigue, except it be with that foolish, little innocent Thing I told you I met last Night; and the Thoughts of her are transitory; one Bottle will wash 'em from my Remembrance.

Town. Now I have Hopes of thee.

Ram. Henceforth, I'll never make Love my Business; if I find a Lady willing, and a fair Opportunity present, I'll nick the critical Minute, go my Way, and trust Providence for such another.

Town. Right, so much I allow.

Enter ARABELLA and ENGINE.

Arab. This Walk in Draper's Gardens has done me good.

Eng. 'Twas a fine Evening, but it's grown dark on the sudden.

Town. What Women are yonder?

Ram. None that shall divert me from my Resolution of going to the Tavern.

Eng. If we had met with Mr. Ramble in our Walks, Madam?

Arab. I utterly declare against that unfortunate Gentleman—but if his Friend Mr. Townly, had come in my Way—

Eng. You could not have diverted yourself now I think on't; you are under an Obligation to say nothing but No—

Arab. You should have seen how I'd have manag'd that No,

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to the best Advantage, to the Confusion of my Husband's Stratagem.—I hate to be out-witted, and long to try what I cou'd make on't.

Enter AUNT with a Candle.

Aunt. [*Within.*] Fire, Fire, Fire.

Ram. Ha, Fire! Let's be gone, I shall never love Fire, since last Night.

Aunt. Fire, Fire, Fire.

Town. Where? where Mistress?

Aunt. Alas a day! here, in this House; Fire, Fire.

Arab. Is not that Mr. Ramble?

Eng. Yes, and the other Townly, the Man you wish'd for.

Ram. This is the old Gentlewoman, that was with that innocent little Creature—I shall find her now.

Aunt. Fire, Fire—

[*here:*

Ram. Have Patience, we'll all help you: Come, Townly, Roger

Town. I'll follow you.

Aunt. Oh, I thank you Gentlemen—Ah, Fire, Fire, Fire.

[*Ramble, Roger, Aunt, exeunt.*

Town. So, let him be for the Fire—I'll be for the Lady——

Eng. Madam, he comes this Way.

Arab. Run in o'Doors, I'll follow you. [*exit. Eng.*

Town. Madam, I am your most humble Servant.

Arab. No.

Town. E'gad but I am, and will if you please.

Arab. No.

Town. Will you give me Leave to wait on you?

Arab. No.

Town. Nor stand and talk with you a little, dear Rogue?

Arab. No.

Town. I am in Love with you, will you be hard-hearted to a Man that loves you?

Arab. No.

Town. By *Jove*, I would kiss thee for that, but that I fear 'twould put you out of Humour.

Arab. No.

Town. That was kindly said—there— [*Kisses her.*
Now shall I wait on you to your Door?

Arab. No.

Town. Ah, that spoils all again—do carry me to your House—I'll steal in unseen, and we'll discourse in private.

Arab. No.

Town.

Town. Do, my little, pretty, dear Rogue.

Arab. No.

Town. Must I then be gone and leave you?

Arab. No.

Town. By answering No to Contraries, I find she has taken a Humour to say nothing else; I will fit her with Questions: Now, Lady, answer me at your Peril. Beware you don't tell me a Lie: Are you a Maid?

Arab. Ha, ha, ha!

Town. She laughs at that——A Widow then?

Arab. No.

Town. A Wife? —— [*Arab. whistles*] She changes her Note now, and whistles to let me know that she is. Is your Husband at home?

Arab. No.

Town. Is he in Town?

Arab. No.

Town. Would you refuse a Bed-fellow in his Room to Night, if you lik'd the Man?

Arab. No.

Town. If I go home with you, will you thrust me out?

Arab. No.

Town. Nor if I come to Bed to you?

Arab. No, no, no, no—Ha, ha, ha,

[*Arabella exit laughing.*]

Town. Y'gad, she's run in laughing; I know not whether she be in Earnest or Jest, but here's a fair Opportunity for a Night's Diversion; we have concluded a Bargain in the Negative already. I'll in after, and give her Earnest of my Affections to bind her sure for the future—

[*exit.*]

Enter PEGGY.

The Scene draws, and discovers her walking in Armour by the Bed-side.

RAMBLE and ROGER.

Ram. I have search'd all the Rooms below, and cannot find her.

Rog. She must be above then, unless she be frightened and run away.

Ram. We'll begin with this Room, and search 'em all in Order—ha! what Vision is this?

Rog. Vision, Sir! I am afraid the House is haunted!

Ram. 'Tis she, the very she I look'd for—Pretty, dear Creature will you stay to be burnt? The House is on Fire.

Peg. Indeed! is our House on Fire?

Ram. Why, did you not hear 'em cry Fire in the Street just now?

G

Pe?

Peg. Yes, but they cry a great many Things here in *London*: I heard them cry Oranges and Lemons, and a great many Things.

Ram. Oh, what Innocence is here! They had forgot her in the Fright, and she might have been burnt alive.

Peg. But indeed, is our House on Fire?

Ram. I'll not fright her—I cannot tell, I cannot think—something's—the Matter; *Roger*, run down and see, bring us Word how Matters go below;—pretty Creature, what are you doing at this Time of Night?

Peg. I am a Wife and't please you.

Ram. A Wife! What of that?

Peg. And this is the Duty of a Wife here in *London*.

Ram. O Simplicity! What can be the Meaning of this!—And how long have you been married, pretty Miss?

Peg. I was married this Morning betimes.

Ram. And where is your Husband?

Peg. He is gone a Journey about Business, forsooth.

Ram. And when does he return?

Peg. I do not know.

Ram. And who dress'd you thus prettily?

Peg. My Uncle-husband shew'd my Aunt to dress me so.

Ram. Your Uncle-husband?

Peg. Yes my Uncle-husband.

Ram. What is the Meaning of that? Now I think on't, she call'd the old Man Uncle, that took her from me last Night, he has married her, and finding her simple, they have put some Trick upon her, *[aside.*

Peg. Why don't you know the Duty of a Wife, and live here in *London*?

Ram. Of a Wife! Yes: But what is it, say you?

Peg. It is to watch whilst her Husband sleeps, and to walk thus by him all Night.

Ram. Ridiculous! But your Husband you say is out of Town.

Peg. Yes, but there is his Night-cap, forsooth, and that's all one.

Ram. She's merely impos'd upon—And this is all you know of the Duty of a Wife.

Peg. This is as far as I have learn'd yet, but, but Uncle will teach me more when he comes back.

Ram. 'Tis so; this is some Trick of the jealous old Fool that has married her. Would you not thank a Man pretty Peggy that would teach you your Lesson perfect before he comes?

Peg. O yes,

Ram. Don't you think you could learn as well from me as from him?

Peg.

Peg. Yes, but he told me such a one as you, last Night, would eat me.

Ram. But nobody shall eat you whilst I am with you, and I will stay with you to Night, and take Pains to instruct you in the whole Duty of a Wife.

Peg. Will you indeed?

Ram. Lord, Lord, she's willing too; she has more Wit than I thought for. Yes, indeed will I, and now Mrs. *Peggy*, you must lay by this Lance and these Things, and go to your Bed.

Peg. But my Uncle-husband said I was not to go to Bed till Morning that Aunt came to me, and that I was to do so all Night, and he will be angry; and Aunt told me God won't bless me if I anger my Husband.

Ram. Never was there such a little Fool as this. But your Uncle-husband came to me, and told me he was mistaken, and bid me come to you, and teach you the right Duty, and bad me tell you, that you must go to Bed, and do as I'd have you.

Peg. O then indeed I'll go to Bed, and you'll come and teach me.

Ram. Ay, ay, do, dear pretty *Peggy*, and make haste. [*Peg. ex.*

Enter ROGER.

Rog. Sir, the Fire is quench'd; 'twas only a Basket or two that took Fire and blaz'd in the Kitchen Chimney, and catch'd hold of the Mantle-tree; 'tis all out now.

Ram. Where's the old Gentlewoman?

Rog. She's seeing the House clear of the People, that came in to help.

Ram. Steal down then, and slip out amongst the rest, take no Notice of any Thing; I'll be at home two or three Hours hence, or early in the Morning.

Rog. Ay, ay, Sir, I'll not disturb you with crying Fire again if you don't. [*ex.*

Ram. I must not venture into Bed, the Aunt will be here in the Morning—Let me see, how shall I get out;—there's a Balcony in the great Room; a little before Day, I'll make my Escape there—now I'll bolt the Chamber Door, and secure myself from a Surprize on that Side. Now to my little, sweet, dear Piece of Innocence, that little, pretty, simple, foolish Thing. What Pleasure shall I have to teach her her first Lesson? I am almost out of my Senses with Joy.

*How I'll mause her, and touse her, and tumble her till Morning;
But little dreams the Bridegroom that he is to be burning.* [*ex.*

Enter LOVEDAY and EUGENIA.

Love. Must I be gone then To-morrow Morning?

Eug. So my Husband has resolv'd ; he is afraid you should be kill'd if you stay here in Town, and therefore is writing to a Correspondent at *Bristol* to entertain you ; he has provided for your Journey, and says you must go very early.

Love. O unlucky Accident ! how he cuts off all my Hopes ! I cannot think of parting with you.

Eug. What will you do ? You must go from hence.

Love. To be defeated after I had wrought myself into his Family, not to gain one Hour's Privacy, one Minute's Enjoyment of Love, both to be resolv'd and willing, and yet disappointed : Hard Fate ! I wish I were now a Conjuror indeed, that could deceive him with a false Creation of your Likeness in his Bed, whilst you were in my Arms, and I panting in your Bosom. Dear *Eugenia*, I am almost mad, cannot you now once play the Conjuror for me ?

Eug. I will try my Art in Spite of Fortune. Love shall yet play out the Game, the Cards are now in my Hand, and I'll deal about once more in hopes of better Fortune.

Love. Kind, dear Woman.

Enter JANE.

Eug. Jane, has your Master almost done his Letter ?

Jane. Yes, Madam, he is coming down.

Eug. I hear him—step you into the next Room, listen at the Door, but make no Noise—away. [*Love. exit.*]

Enter DASHWELL.

Dash. Where, where is *Valentine*, not come down yet ?

Eug. Yes, Husband ; but I have sent him to Bed again.

Dash. How so ? I must give my Letter, that he may be gone early in the Morning.

Eug. But I assure you, I think it not convenient you should recommend him to any Friend, or entertain him yourself ; he is not the Person you take him for.

Dash. What mean you ?

Eug. And has Qualities, such as you won't like, when I shall give you a farther Account.

Dash. Speak plain, Wife ; what is it you mean ?

Eug. I mean, he is a very impudent Rascal, and only fit to be kick'd out of Doors.

Dash. What has he done ?

Eug. I know not whether he made a false Construction of my extraordinary Care to hide him in my Bed to Day, when he was in Danger to be kill'd, and interprets it Kindness and Love to him in a more particular Manner ; but he had the Impudence e'en now when you were gone to write your Letter,

to

to tell me that his coming here was for my Sake, and that it would break his Heart to leave the House till he had accomplish'd his Design.

Dash. Meaning a Design on you?

Eug. Yes.

Dash. A Rogue!

Eug. Or that he should be miserable all his Life after, and hop'd, that since Time allow'd him no further Opportunities of Courtship, I would without Ceremony, consent to steal out of Bed from you when you were fast a-sleep, and slipping on my Night-gown, meet him under the Summer-house, in the Garden.

Dash. So, so.

Eug. If, says he, your Husband chance to wake and miss you, say in Excuse, you were hot and could not sleep, and went down to cool you and dispose you to Rest, or that you went to Prayers.

Dash. Very dainty Rogue!—Was this his Business?

Eug. You never heard a Man so confident, and so urging, *Sure Madam, said he, since I have adventur'd so much for your Sake, you will not be so unkind to let me lose my Labour and go unrewarded.* No, Sir, said I, I will be kinder than so, you shall not go unrewarded, I will meet you as you desire.

Dash. What meant you by that, Wife?

Eug. To be revenged of him for his Insolence; now that he may not lose his Reward—I would have you dress yourself in a Night-Gown and Pinnars, and down in the Dark, take a good Cudgel in your Hand, stay in the Summer-house till he comes, and drub him soundly, then turn him out of Doors. You may let *Jane* be with you to help you.

Dash. I am glad you have discover'd the Rogue; that shall be his Punishment; I would not for 100*l.* I had sent him where I intended, an insolent Dog!—lose his Labour, I'll give him the Fruits of his Labour—*Jane*—

Jane. Sir.

Dash. Get me a couple of good Cudgels quickly, and meet me below in the Garden—

Jane. Yes, Sir.

Eug. Husband, you had best have something White about your Head—*Jane*,—help him to sew Pinnars and a White Hood, and put him on your Night-Gown.

Dash. Ay, do so, here, here—let me put them on quickly.

Eug. No, no, go down into the Garden, and dress yo there, that you may be in the Way when he comes.

Dash. *Jane*, bring 'em below then. Wife go to your Rest, I'll bring you the News as soon as e'er I have met with him — I'll baulk him for Assignations, a Rogue, Cuckold a Citizen!

Eug. Ay, do Husband—I'll pray for your good Success.

Dash. Cuckold the Foreman of an *Ignoramus* Jury! a Dog — a Son of a —

Eug. *Jane*, make haste down to him, and when you go out, spring-lock the Garden-door that he may not get in again, and be as long in dressing of him as you can.

Jane. Yes, yes, Madam.

[*exit.*]

Eug. Come, Sir, come from your Post.

Enter LOVEDAY.

Love. Dear Creature—Witty Rogue.

Eug. How do you like my Invention?

Love. E'gad you puzzl'd me at first,—when you told him I was not the Person he took me for, I began to—to

Eug. An Hour is our own by this Invention.

Love. Let us retire *Engenia*, and make the best Use on't we can..

Eug. But do you think how to come off at last?

Love. I'll think of nothing but thee at present, and the Heaven I am going to enjoy.

Eug. But let me tell you that's a necessary Consideration.

Love. Love claims our present Thoughts. We'll make these Reflections in our breathing Intervals.

Eug. I'll tell it you anon in a Word.

Love. Ay, ay, anon, let it be anon, I am now as eager as Racers in View of the Post; methinks I am flying to't— Now I will plunge in Bliss, and be all Rapture, all Extacy; already I am all on Fire, my Soul's in a Blaze, and while we talk, I burn in vain.

Eug. And vain is talk when Opportunity requires Performance..

Love. Come then—and let our Joys no Moderation find, Whilst Love has Power, and Beauty can be kind. [*exunt.*]

Enter WISEACRES and DOODLE.

Dood. It was very well the Master of the Ship came up as he did, for if our Boat had put off at the Beginning of the Tide, we had mist him, and gone down on a Fool's Errand, and it would have vexed you to have lost the first Night's Lodging with

with your Bride, for a cold Voyage to no Purpose.

Wife. I am well pleased it fell out so luckily. Now will I go to my little Wife, whom I shall find upon Duty, taking short Turns by my Bed-side—Well, Brother, I am mightily pleased with my Invention. [*Wife. knocks at the Door.*]

Dood. 'Tis a strange one in my Opinion.

Wife. Yes, but a safe one: Keep a Woman from sleep at Night, and you secure her from Temptation all Day; for then she'll be drowsy, and lying upon her Bed, whilst others are gadding about, and giving Occasion, if not seeking themselves.

Dood. I think it a great deal of Cruelty in you to torment a poor innocent so, I am glad for her Sake our Voyage was so luckily prevented, that she may go to Bed and receive better Instructions. What will she say when she finds you have deceived her? [*Wife. knocks again.*]

Wife. I have a Salve for that, I'll tell her that was the Duty of a Wife to a Husband in his Absence, and still keep her in Ignorance, that I may have her at a sure Lock, whenever I have Occasion to go a Journey hereafter.

Dood. Well, and I will go home to my Wife, and uncharm her Mouth, and set her Tongue at Liberty; I can't but think how pleasant a Scene it would have been, if any of the Courting-Fops of the Times had accidentally met my Wife a Walking, and gone to pick her up, to hear the Fools run on and cry, Madam, shall I wait on you? Will you accept of my Service? You are very pretty, and a Hundred such foolish Sayings, and she still answering nothing but *No, no*; how they'd have been puzzl'd; and she have laugh'd the while.

Wife. Ay, Brother—Nobody hears yet.

Dood. Knock harder.

[*Wife. knocks again.*]

Aunt. [*Within.*] Who's there?

Wife. 'Tis I, open the Door.

Aunt. [*Within.*] I come, Sir, I come.

Dood. Now I'll bid you good Night.

Wife. No, you shall stay and go in with me, and see how obedient my Wife is, and be the Judge how much better my Security is than you's.

Dood. But what pleases you don't please another; I like my own Way still.

Enter AUNT.

Aunt. Indeed I did not expect you back to Night.

Wife. We met with News that prevented our Voyage to Gravesend—But what Smell is this about the Door?

Dood.

So *The* London CUCKOLDS.

Dood. Here's a Smell of Soot and Burning.

Aunt. Alas! after you went the Kitchen-Chimney was on Fire; I was frighted out of my Wits, we had the House full of People.

Wife. How Fire?

Aunt. Thank Providence it was quickly out, it did no great Harm, all is safe.

Wife. How does Peggy, was she not frighted?

Aunt. She poor Thing is upon her Duty as you directed—she was close in her Chamber, and knew nothing of the Fire; I would not tell her for fear of frightning her unless I had seen a great Deal of Danger indeed.

Wife. Call her down, and let us see her in her new Night-gears.

Aunt. I'll tell her you are come—

[*exit.*

Wife. Come, pray walk in a little.

[*Doodle drops a Glove.*

Dood. Well, to satisfy you I'll just step in and see her. [*ex.*

Enter RAMBLE, above in the Balcony.

Ram. A Pox of ill Luck still say I! this must be the Husband by his hard Knocking; that a Man cannot lie in Quiet for Cuckolds,—he has broke the sweetest Night's Enjoyment.—But I am glad I have overcome Fortune so far at last, to get a Snap, at least, to stay my Stomach, though she won't yet allow me a full Meal.—I hear somebody come up Stairs—Which Way shall I get down? I must hang by my Hands, and then drop from the Balcony.

{ *As Ramble is getting down, Doodle enters to look for his Glove, Ramble drops upon him, and beats him down.*

Dood. Where have I dropp'd my Glove?—It must be hereabouts. O! 'tis here——Oh, oh, oh, Murder, Thieves, Thieves——

Ram. You lie, Sirrah, hold your Bawling, or I'll slit your Gullet.

[*exit.*

Dood. Ah,—ah!—He is gone; now if I did lie, and he's no Thief, than is the Business yet worse. He dropp'd from the Balcony, was all unbutton'd, he has been dabbling with the Bride.—Ay, ay, 'tis so.

WISEACRES Re-enters.

Wife. What made you cry out Murder and Thieves? Was you set upon? or did you see any Body about my House?

Dood. Returning to look for my Glove, I did see somebody, but believe I was mistaken, it was no Thief.

Wife.

Wife. What then ?

Dood. Some Body that came to relieve your Wife from that odd Duty you put her upon ; I believe she is out of her war-like Gears by this.

Wife. Pray unriddle.—

Dood. Nay, methinks it is no Riddle, when a Man in the Night all unbutton'd, shall drop from your Wife's Balcony, and run away.

Wife. How ! a Man drop from the Balcony !

Dood. Even so ; I suppose your knocking at the Door, alarm'd him, just I came forth to look my Glove, he jump'd down upon me, beat me all along, and run away.—

Wife. 'Twas some Rogue that lurk'd in my House, e'er since the Fire, with a Design to rob, and our knocking fear'd him.

Dood. Such a Thing might be indeed, but the Rogue was very fine, and look'd more like a Thief that would steal your Honour rather than your Money.

Re-enter AUNT.

Aunt. Ah ! Sir, I fear you will be very angry.

Wife. Why, what's the Matter, I am not robb'd !

Aunt. No,—but Peggy—

Wife. What of Peggy,—ha !—

Aunt. Without my Knowledge, and contrary to your Orders was going to Bed.

Dood. Now, Brother.

Wife. To Bed, into Bed ?

Aunt. Yes, into Bed indeed.

Wife. Into Bed, in Contempt of my Orders and Commands. Monstrous !

Dood. Now, where's your Caution ?

Aunt. Nay, I told her you would not be angry ; I bid her slip on her Night-Gown, and come down to you to acknowledge her Fault.

Wife. Send her down to me quickly.

Aunt. She is coming ; being her first Offence, you may forgive her, and let it be a Warning.

Wife. It shall be no Warning to you, I'll turn you out of Doors for this, and for such another I'll send her after you.

Dood. Nay, nay, hear the Business before you are so angry.

Wife. Go, call her down to me.

Aunt. Yes, an't please ye, Sir.

Wife. Leave your ducking and dropping, and tell her quickly.

Aunt. She's here, an't please you. [Enter PEGGY.]

Wife. Go, get you out a while, and stay till I call you ; and let

Let me desire that Favour of you, Brother.

Aunt. Yes, yes.

Dood. Ay, ay, come.

[*Aunt and Doodle extant.*]

Wife. Peggy, come hither; how durst you neglect your Duty to me your Husband, and go to Bed?

Peg. But I did not neglect my Duty.

Wife. Went you not to Bed,—Hau?

Peg. Yes, but I went to Bed to learn my Duty.

Wife. Did not I teach you what you were to do?

Peg. But he taught me a better Duty, than that you shew'd me, a great deal.

Wife. He, what he? This is some Trick, I am abus'd: What he is this.

Peg. He that you sent to be my Master to teach me, that came when the Fire was, and ask'd me why I walk'd so, and when I told him you bid me, he said that was but the first Duty, but he'd shew me all the rest, and teach me every Night's Duty, and that you had sent him to do so.

Wife. To do how?

Peg. Nay, but I can't tell you how, but I have learnt a great deal of him, and if I were in Bed I could shew you.

Wife. You are a Baggage.

Peg. Indeed Husband, I had forgot, you told me I must call you Husband, and now Nuncle-Husband, it was ten Times a better Duty than that you taught me.

Wife. Very pleasant?

Peg. Yes, yes, so pleasant, that I could do such all Night long.

Wife. Her Simplicity makes me mad; well, and where is this Master? when went this Instructor from you?

Peg. I don't know, but after he had taught me my Lesson two or three Times, I fell fast a-sleep, I don't know how, and when I waked with the knocking at the Door, I could not find him upon the Bed, but I thought I heard somebody in the next Room.

Wife. Ay then was he getting open the Balcony; and what Kind of Man was he?

Peg. He was a fine handsome Gentleman, methought.

Wife. Ay, ay, you only thought so, 'twas all but your thought. There was no fine Gentleman, nor nobody that taught you

Peg. But there was though—

[any Thing.

Wife. No, no, there was not.

Peg. But indeed, and indeed Uncle-Husband there was, now.

Wife. Peace, I tell you, there was not; 'twas all but a Dream. I spoke to a Conjurer before I went, to conjure up something before

before your Eyes, on Purpose to make you think so, and to conjure you a-sleep, and make you dream so, I tell you it was all but a Dream, and the Conjuror's doing.

Peg. Then Uncle-Husband, speak to him to conjure up such a Thing every Night, and to make me Dream always when I am a-sleep.

Wife. How she torments me!

Peg. Indeed Uncle-Husband, it seem'd to me just for all the World, as if I had been awake,—and I should have thought so, if you had not told me what you do.

Wife. No, no, I tell you 'twas all but a Dream, go, go, get you into Bed.

Peg. Yes,—won't the Conjuror conjure so again?

Wife. No, no, he has taught me now; (a Pox of his Instructions) I'll come and conjure myself.

Peg. But can you conjure as well as he did?

Wife. Never was Innocence in a Woman a Plague before! [*aside* Yes, I'll come and conjure as he did.

Peg. Do quickly then; but don't conjure no Fire, I shall be frighted at that.

Wife. Well, well, there shall be no Fire, go, get you in—

[*exit* Peggy.

How the Wasp has stung me?—Here, where are you? you may come in.

Enter AUNT and DOODLE.

Aunt. I hope she has satisfy'd you.

Wife. Yes, yes—but do you hear; if you talk to you of any Fire that was to Night, be sure you tell her there was none, and perswade her out on't; for she has been frighted at the Disturbance, and talks strangely of Conjuring, and has had odd Dreams, therefore be sure you say there was no Fire.

Aunt. Alas a day—and being frighted, was the Reason I warrant you that she went to Bed.]

Wife. Yes, yes, go, go, not a Word of any Fire.

Aunt. No, no, not for the World;—alas-a-day! alas-a-day!

Dood. Now I hope you see the Effect of having a Fool to your Wife.

Wife. Well you may think as you please of a Man's jumping from the Balcony, and make Conjectures, but you are mistaken; 'twas only a Rogue that would have robb'd me.

Dood. You do well to submit with Patience to your Misfortune, and give it the best Construction, since it beset you by your own want of Judgment; I doubt not but you are convinc'd of your Error, tho' you won't acknowledge it to me.

Wife.

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Wife. By your Leave, I am not yet convinced I was in the Wrong, and have found no Reason yet to change my Opinion.

Dood. Nay, if your Wife's going to Bed, contrary to your Orders, and a Man's tumbling out of her Chamber-Window are no Arguments, I find you are invincibly stupid, or wilfully resolved to maintain your Error, so good Night to you.

Wife. The like to you.

Dood. But e'er I go, Brother Alderman, let me counsel you to go and teach your Wife a better Lesson, or she'll turn over a new Leaf with you, if she have not already—ha, ha, ha, a Wife that's a Fool——ha, ha——

[*exit.*]

Wife. Fare you well, fare you well.

To have the Breeding of a Woman to my own Humour, no sooner married but a Cuckold—Nay, to have her very Flower of Innocence snatch'd from me; how spitefully has Fortune frustrated my Design? But I will resolve to go in and go to Bed to her, dissemble my Grief, and seem content—though it be a sharp Corrosive to my Mind—ha! here comes a Gentleman, it may be my Wife's Instructor—I'll stand by and observe if he hankers about my House, or leers up at the Window, that I may know him another Time.

Enter TOWNLY.

Town. Ha, ha, ha,—No, no, no, no—Ha! what's here?

Wife. Who is that, Mr. Townly?

Town. The same, Sir, is it you, Mr. Alderman *Wifeacres*?

Wife. Yes, Sir—you are in a merry Humour, where are you going so late?

Town. I was going to the Tavern to a Friend to tell him the pleasantest Adventure I ever met with.

Wife. This may be concerning my Wife—— [*aside.*]
Pray what is it, Sir? if it be no Secret, sure it was very pleasant, you are so merry after it?

Town. Going along the street to Night, it was my Fortune to offer my Service to a Lady.

Wife. Ay, ay, a handsome Lady cannot escape you Gentlemen.

Town. Handsome or not, I don't know, for she was muffled up in her Hoods, and I could not see her Face—But I have had three or four Hours of the sweetest Enjoyment Man ever had with Woman.

Wife. This was pleasant indeed, Sir.———This was the Man.

Town. This Lady had taken up an odd Humour, to say nothing but *No, no.*

Wife.

Wife. No, Sir, ha!

Town. Yes, Sir, to whatever I said, she would answer nothing but No—not a Word could I get from her but *No, no.*

Wife. Ah! Brother Alderman—this was his Wife. Now will I go and stop his Mouth—he will be prating else on't—Do you know who this Lady was Sir?

Town. Not I.

Wife. A witty Woman 'ifaith.—Are you obliged, Sir, to go to the Tavern you were speaking?

Town. Why do you ask?

Wife. Because I have a great Curiosity to hear this Story at large, and if you are not engaged, I would desire your Company at a Neighbour's House, where I am going to drink a Glass of Wine; and as we go, you may tell it me with all the Circumstances—It must needs be very pleasant, and worth hearing.

Town. Well, Sir, I'll wait on you, and as we go, you shall hear it all.

Wife. Come, Sir, it is but just by here.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Doodle, Arabella, and Engine in the Garden.

Dood. Wife, I am glad to find you up, but am sorry thou art in Pain.

Arab. I was so extremely troubled with the Tooth-ach, that I could not sleep, and therefore got up to take a Walk here in the Garden, thinking I might rest better afterwards——

Dood. Come, Wife, a Glass of Sack will do thee no Harm: I must drink a Glass or two before I go to Bed, to take the Rawness of my Stomach—and 'twill do thy Teeth good too.

Arab. Nay, the Pain is pretty well abated now.

Dood. Come, let us sit down in the Arbor then——

Arab. Mrs. Engine, run up and smooth the Bed, and lay the Pillows to rights.

Eng. Yes, yes——

[*Exit.*

Dood. Arabella, here's to thee——

Arab. Thank you Husband.

Dood. If I had happen'd to have staid a Week away, how would'st thou have long'd to have had thy Tongue at Liberty?

Arab. No, I should have done well enough.

Dood. But Silence is very burthenfome to a Woman.

Arab. I confess the Tongue is our unruly Member; —but you had no Security in that, if I had a Mind to do you know what—Silence you know gives Consent.

H

Dood

Wife.

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Dood. But if any of the fluttering Sparks had come buzzing about thee, thy Tongue would have so itch'd to have been at them, I have known thee so smart upon 'em at the Plays—

Arab. Oh! I never do that, but when you are there to defend me; for sometimes they'll be rude and abuse a Woman, if they see her alone.

Dood. O rare Sparks of Chivalry, when they have not Wit enough to talk to a Woman, have Courage enough to beat her, and tear her Hood and Scarf.

Arab. Husband here's to you, you are welcome home.

Dood. Hark, somebody knocks—who can it be at this Time of Night?

Arab. Pray Heaven my Spark han't found the Way back again.

Enter TOWNLY, WISEACRES, and ENGINE.

Wife. So when she led you out blindfolded she gave you the Slip.

Town. Yes.

Wife. Cunning Baggage.

Eng. Here is Mr. Alderman *Wiseacres* come to see you.

Dood. How!

Arab. And *Townly* with him: What can the Meaning be of his coming again, and with him? [*aside.*

Wife. Just as you parted from me, something came in my Head, that I had a Mind to speak to you about—and meeting this Gentleman of my Acquaintance, I brought him along with me, to drink a Glass of your Wine, Mr. Alderman.

Dood. The Gentleman is welcome; I just call'd for a Bottle Sir, my Service to you—

Town. Your Servant,—Madam, my humble Service to you.

Arab. Your Servant—I am in Amaze! [*Aside.*

Dood. Now pray tell me what Business brought you to—

Wife. Pray ask Questions anon—and have Patience to hear one of the pleasantest Stories from this Gentleman that ever you heard. Sir, will you do me the Favour, but to tell that Story again.

Town. With-all my Heart, Sir.

Wife. Come, Sir, begin.

Arab. Sure he has not told him what pass'd; I am mistaken if he could know me again. [*Aside.*

Wife. Come, Sir, begin.

Town. Going along the Street this Evening, when it was dark, it was my Fortune to meet with a Lady, to whom I began to make some little Courtship, but to every Thing I said, she answer'd nothing hut *No*.

Arab. Ha!

Town.

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Town. Nothing but *No* still : Whate'r I asked her, was *No*.
Dood. Hum——so, Sir ?

Town. I ask'd her if I should be her Servant, she said *No* ;
 if she would let me wait on her home, she said *no*, *no*, still.
 At last, perceiving she was resolved to make no other Answer,
 I studied such Questions, and said such Things to her, that if
 she answered *No*, it would please me well.

Dood. Very good, Sir.

Arab. I shall be discover'd—what shall I do ? [*aside.*

Wife. Pray mind, Sister.

Arab. Ay, I do, Sir.

Dood. Well, Sir, and how then ?

Town. I ask'd her then, if she would not be angry if I
 went home with her ? she said *No*.

Wife. *No*, Brother.

Town. If she would not shut the Door against me ? *No*.

Wife. *No*, said she again.

Town. If she would lie alone to Night ?—she said *No*.

Wife. *No*.

Town. If she would be angry if I came to Bed to her ?—*No*.

Wife. *No*, *no*, she said *No*, Brother.

Dood. Well, well, I observe——Humph——

Arab. I shall be undone if he goes forward. [*aside.*

Wife. Pray sit still, and mind this Story out.

Arab. Ay, I do——

Wife. Well, Sir, go on, you'll hear anon, Brother.

Dood. Yes, pray go on.

Town. So, Sir.——

Arab. Sir, my Service to you first.

{ *Arabella drinks, and whilst Townly and she both*
offer to fill the Glass, she drops a Ruby Ring into it
 {——*Townly talks o'er the Glass.*

Town. Pray Madam give me Leave to fill.

Arab. Excuse me, Sir, you shan't indeed.

Town. Your Servant, Madam.

So I'll tell you Gentlemen, upon this I saluted the Lady, and
 being now just come to her very Door——

Arab. Pray drink, Sir ?

Wife. By and by, Sister, pray let him go on.

Town. In she ran—in ran I ; up Stairs went she—up went
 I after her ; she into her Chamber—I followed her ; she locks
 the Door—very glad was I ; throws herself upon the Bed—
 down throws I myself by her—or upon her, as you may guess.

Arab. What shall I do ?

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Wife. And not a Word but *No*, said th eLady, all this while;
No, was the Word, Brother.

Dood. Ay, yes, yes—I observe—I observe.

Arab. Come, Sir, pray begin this Lady's good Health;
you can't but drink her Health for her Kindness; that's the
least you can do.

Town. Madam, I'll drink it as long as I live for her Sake.

Arab. Come then, pray begin it to me.

Town. With all my Heart, Madam.

Wife. Lord, Sister, you are so full of Interruptions! Can't
you let the Gentleman go on with the Story?

Arab. I thought there had been an End, when he was got
to Bed to her.

Wife. No, no, there's more yet.

Arab. Well, but the Gentleman may drink first, the Wine
will die.

Town. Then Madam, my Service to you, here's a good
Health to the Negative Lady.

Arab. Off with it every Drop in Honour, of the Lady.

Town. Ha! a Ring in my Mouth—and the Ring—Mum [*aside*].

Arab. Come, I'll pledge the Lady *No*'s Health—

Town. Well, to make my Story short—

Wife. Ay, Sir; the rest of the Story—

Town. I had the Happiness to tumble this Lady's Bed some
Hours, behav'd myself like a Man—found her brisk and active,
but on a sudden she rises from me, plucks me by the Elbow
to get up, then blinds me with her Hankerchief, leads me
out of Doors a good Way from her House, gives me a Turn
round, and slips away from me;—when I perceiv'd her gone,
I pluck'd off her Handkerchief, thinking to see where she went
in, that I might be so happy to find this kind Person another
Time—and turning back, methought I had a Glimpse of her,
but running after her, stumbled against a great Stone, fell
down, and so lost Sight of her—

Dood. Then you did not see where she went in?

Town. No; for with the Fall, I wak'd out of my Dream.

Dood. Why then all this is but a Dream?

Town. Yes, Sir.

Wife. How! a Dream.

Town. Ay, Sir, a Dream.

Wife. Why you did not tell me it was a Dream.

Town. No, Sir, that may be; for we arrived here just as
we came to that Part of the Story, which prevented me from
telling you how I awak'd.

Wife.

Wife. You told me you came then from the Lady, and was going home to your Lodgings.

Town. Yes, Sir, for when I awoke, I was so pleas'd with my Dream, and so possessed with the Fancy, that immediately I got up, and went to the Place where I dreamt I fell, to see if there was any such Stone as I tumbled at, and if I found such a Stone, to look if there were any such House thereabouts as methought I saw her slip into just as I fell.

Dood. And found you any such Stone, Sir?

Town. Yes, I found just such a Stone.

Wife. But would a Man rise out of Bed for this?

Town. I have great Faith in Dreams.

Wife. By your Leave, Sir, you told me that you put a Ring upon the Lady's Finger, when you were upon the Bed with her.

Town. I did so; now it work'd strongly in my Fancy, that if I went abroad, and could find any such Stone, or House like that, some good Luck or other would befall thereabouts.

Dood. And pray did any Thing extraordinary happen?

Town. Yes, looking for the Stone, I found this Ring, and 'tis exactly such a Ring as I dreamt I put upon the Lady's

Dood. This is wonderful! [Finger.

Town. Stranger Things than this have happen'd to me upon Account of Dreams.—

Dood. Now, Sir, I'll tell you, there's more in this than you are aware of—I was this Night to have gone to *Gravesend*,—and as I was taking Leave of my Wife, a Frolick took me in the Head to make her promise, that if any Gentleman should talk to her during my Absence, or ask her any Questions, she should to all they said, answer nothing but *No*; and there's your Dream.

Town. How, Sir! is this true? [out—

Dood. Ay, indeed, Sir; here's my Wife, and here's Mr. Alderman too can Witness the same.

Arab. I well assure you, Sir, this is true:

Wife. Ay, Sir, 'tis true.

Arab. He has brought all clear off. [aside.

Town. Well, Sir, if the Person that answer'd me was your Wife here, I must beg you Pardon, if I have made you a Cuckold.

Dood. How, Sir, I pray?

Town. 'Twas in a Dream, Sir, but so sweet a Dream, I could wish to dream it a thousand Times over—O Madam, are you my Lady *No*?

Arab. Truly, Sir, knowing what my Husband has told you of my Promise, I much wonder'd all the while where the Story

would end—I perceiv'd he was uneasy, and I was much surpriz'd it was so pat to our purpose.

Dood. Truly, Wife, I could not tell what to think on't, till I heard it was but a Dream,

Town. Well, Mr. Alderman, I thank you for bringing me to the Sight of the Lady I dreamt of, whose Face was the only Thing in the World I desired to see,—I can't but almost fancy I am in a Dream still, methinks this looks more like a Dream than the other.

Wife. Ay, ay, Sir—This is more like a Dream by half.

Arab. Have a Care, Sir, the next Time you have a fair Lady in View, you make no Stumbles to lose Sight of her, that you may know where to find her without shewing.

Town. And let Ladies have a Care of leading me forth to Blind Man's Buff—

Wife. And I say, let Husband's have a better Stratagem hereafter to secure their Wives, than learning 'em to say nothing but *No*.

Dood. You think then there is more in this than a Dream?

Wife. Yes, and brought this Gentleman on Purpose to let you see what is become of your *No*; there's a fine Business indeed!—*No*.—

Dood. Hark you, Brother Alderman—carry him home to your own House, and let see what's become of your Lady upon Duty—and the Gentleman that dropp'd down from the Balcony; and what becomes of your *No* then?

Wife. You know not what you say, you are in a Dream, ha, ha, ha—

Dood. And I think your Wife was in a fine Dream.—
What think you of a Fool for a Wife now?—

Wife. As well as of a *No* witty Wife. ha, ha, ha.

Town. What's the Meaning of this, Madam?

Arab. They don't know themselves.

[*Dashwell and Jane upon a Mount, looking over a wall that parts the two Gardens.*

Jane. Speak to 'em, Sir, or their Noise will spoil our Design.

Dash. Hark you, Mr. Alderman, and you Mr. Alderman, there.

Town. Heaven! what foul Fiend is that?

Arab. Neighbour *Dashwell*.

Dood. Turned Cotquean?

Wife. What means this?

Dash. You'll see anon. But pray in the Interim, leave your Dispute of a Witty or a Foolish Wife; and learn by an Example presently, that you are both in the Wrong, as I told you before

before ; and now be convinced what 'tisto have a jealous Wife.

Wife. Why, I pray what has't to say to that Matter ?

Dash. A Villain has tempt'd my Wife to meet him in the Garden, here at this Summer-house, when I am in Bed, to commit his felonious Purpose against my Honour—She has proved herself a virtuous good Woman, and acquainted me with the wicked Machinations, and has advised me to dress myself up thus, and to give him Entertainment here in the Dark in her Room ; and see how I am prepared to welcome him.

Jane. Hark, Sir, the Garden Door unlocks—The Traitor is coming.

Dash. Hift ! then be Silent all, I pray. Put out your Candle, and go softly to the Door that opens out of your Garden into mine ; I have unbolted it on this Side : When you hear a Noise, come in, but do not help the Rogue, though he cry out never so ; for I'll caress him.

Dood. No, no, lay him on.—

Dash. Lay him on soundly.

Dood. Come, follow me, and I'll lead you all to the Door.

Town. Now, if all this should be Artifice betwixt the Wife and her Gallant ?

Arab. Follow, follow ; we shall be able to guess anon. [*ex.*
Enter Loveday in the Garden, with a Hunting Whip in his Hand, Dashwell and Jane at a Distance.]

Dash. *Jane*, I hear him come, stand close, be ready.

Jane. I warrant you, Sir.

Love. O that Heaven of Beauty I have left, that the sweet Enjoyment might have for Ages lasted ! I'd be content to give a Year of coming Life, for every Hour of Bliss : But I must a-while retpite the Memory of that Happiness, and employ my Thoughts how to come off with the Husband, for that is my present Task.

Dash. Hem—hem—

Love. The Cuckold hems ! little thinks he how he is counter plotted. Hift. where are you ?

Dash. Hift,—here, here ; hift.

Love. Oh, my dear, art thou here ? Let me prepare my Arms to embrace thee, and give thee the sweet Enjoyment of Love ! Receive then in this kind, hearty Salutation. [*whips Dashwell.*]

Dash. Hold, hold, hold.

Love. I'll take down your Courage.

Dash. Hold, help, help.

Love. Make Appointments in the dark ?

Jane. Wrong my Lady.

[*She eats him behind.*]

Dood.

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Dood. They swinge him bravely.

Wife. That we could but see now.

Town. Yonder come a Light.

Enter EUGENIA with a Light

Dash. Oh! Murder, Murder, Murder. Oh, oh, oh.

Love. Did you think it could be my Intention ever to wrong so worthy a Gentleman as your Husband?

Dash. Oh, hold, hold, you're deceiv'd.—

Love. No, lew'd Woman, 'tis you are deceiv'd in your Expectation.—Now will I go to your Husband, and acquaint him what a chaste good Wife you are. *

Dash. Here, here, bring the Candle; I say you are deceiv'd.

Eug. Well, Husband, have you met with him handsomely?

Love. Ha! Madam, *Eugenia*; who have I been handling then all this while?

Dash. O Wife! I have been lash'd and beat here most un-

Love. O Lord, Sir! is it you? [mercifully.]

Eug. How! have you been beaten? Sirrah, I'll have you hang'd; first tempt me, and then beat my Husband.

Dash. Nay, nay, Wife,—'twas a Mistake.

Love. O Misfortune! have I been injuring you, Sir, all this while!

Dash. Nay, nay: I am convinc'd it was well meant.

Eug. I acquainted my Husband with your Intentions, and sent him in my Place to be reveng'd of you for your Insolence.

Wife. Mr. *Dashwell*, you have paid him off; Ha, ha, ha.

Dood. Indeed, Neighbour, you have cool'd his Courage for him: Do not your Arms ach? Ha, ha, ha.

Dash. Well, well; talk no more of it, he did it but to try my Wife for my Sake; he meant no Hurt.

Town. I find how the Cards have been dealt.

Wife. Hark you, Neighbour *Dashwell*; now if your zealous Wife should have put a pious Cheat upon you!

Dood. 'Tis very suspicious. What should make him a Stranger, so zealous to try your Wife for you?

Wife. I am afraid he has try'd her for you—Neighbour.

Dash. well, well, censure as you please: But this Misfortune is a great Satisfaction to me; I heard your Story e'en now in the Garden, and I would not yet change my Wife for her, that a Man leapt from her Window, nor for the Lady No, of whom that Gentleman dream'd such a fine Dream there; Ha, ha, ha.

Enter AUNT, RAMBLE and WATCHMEN.

Aunt. Come Friends, bring him along.

Town. How, *Ramble*, here.

Arab.

Arab. My unluckly Love!

Watch. An't please you, Mr. Alderman, there was a Cry of Thieves at your Door; as we were coming from the Strand to you, we met this Gentleman here, running along in a very suspicious Manner.

Wife. It was Mr. Alderman *Doodle* there that cry'd out Thieves; but it was a Mistake, you may let the Gentleman go.

Dood. But I dare take it upon my corporal Oath, this is the Gentleman that leap'd down from the Balcony.

Enter ENGINE and PEGGY.

Peg. Oh, pray now shew him me quickly, pray now!

Eng. Look you, they are all here.

Peg. Oh, Uncle-husband!

Wife. What come you for?

Peg. Indeed, Husband-Uncle, my Aunt told me this Gentleman was carry'd away for a Thief, and that he had robb'd you, and must be hang'd.

Wife. And how then?

Peg. And so I came to tell you he stole nothing that I saw; he did nothing but teach me the Duty of a Wife. Did you, Sir?

Ram. No, no, pretty One.

Wife. Go, go, you are in a Dream still.

Peg. Oh, but it was no Dream, though: Now I see the Gentleman, I am sure he taught me my Lesson.

Dood. Ha, ha, ha! there's Simplicity for you, Brother.

Wife. Take her hence.

Peg. Deeds, Nuncle-Husband. I had not come here, but for the sake of the Gentleman,

Wife. Take her away, or I'll break your Bones.

Aunt. Ah, Woe is me! we shall be all hang'd, all hang'd.

[Exit. Aunt and Peggy.]

Eng. Mr. Alderman, much good may d'ye with your foolish innocent Wife.

Arab. Pray, Sir, what think you? Is she so very innocent?

Ram. Faith, Madam, I think she has good natural Parts.

Arab. But for a Woman to kifs and tell, Oh!

Dash. Now, Mr. Alderman, you see the Effects of having a silly Wife; and now I hope you are convinced?

Wife. No, no, n'er a Whit, and so pray concern yourself with your zealous Wife there, who was above at her Devotions; and when the zealous Fit was over, sent that Gentleman there to chastise you in the Garden for your Folly.

Dash. Well, well, ha, ha. ha.

Wife. And your Brother Alderman, concern yourself with your

your *No* Stratagem, and your *No* witty Wife—for she has done *No* Thing; and you are *No*—Cuckold,—good Night to you.

Onnes. Ha, ha, ha!—

Wife. Henceforth I'll keep her under Lock and Key, and ne'er more trust a Wife's Simplicity. [*exit* *Wife* and *Onnes*.]

Arab. Sir, I find you are the charitable Man that has instructed the Ignorant.

Town. Yes, yes, he has taught her more Wit.

Dash. How, Sir, give me Leave to make Peace with you for this Friend of mine, and forgive him his Conjuring.

Ram. How! *Valentine Loveday*! my Friend; were you the Conjuror then? How long have you been come from *Hamburg*?

Dash. Now! *Valentine Loveday*! and from *Hamburg*!

Love. I am discover'd

Dash. My Wife's former Servant; nay, then I fear there's something more in this Business than I yet apprehend.

Town. You have made Mischief, *Ned*.

Dash. Pray, Sir, how came you to use this Trick to get into my Service? I wonder'd at my Brother to send Letters.

Love. How I came by his Letters, I'll acquaint you hereafter. Some Friends of mine at *Hamburg*, who went lately from *England* told me, since she was marry'd to you, she had forfeited my good Opinion, and lost her virtuous Inclinations,—as they suppos'd, disgusted with her Marriage.—The Truth of this I resolv'd to know, purposing never to marry, nor put trust in Woman kind, if she was false; but now I am assur'd of her Virtue, I will pursue my Intentions of coming over, and marry with Speed.

Arab. He has a quick Invention.

Eug. I am neither beholden to them for their Opinion, nor for their Belief.

Love. And now, Sir, I hope your satisfy'd, and give me your Pardon.

Dash. Ay,—yes,—but not so well satisfy'd neither.

Dood. Ay, ay, Mr. *Dashwell*, you may well scratch your Head; for all your Wife's Virtue, you'll see the Fruits of her Zeal upon your Forehead, e're long.

Dash. I would not yet change my Wife's Virtue for your Wife's Wit, Mr. Alderman.

Dood. But my Neighbour. I think, *Consideratis Considerandis* the witty Wife is yet the best of the Three.

Dash. To that I answer in your Wife's own Dialect,—*No*.

Dood. Well, well; go in and anoint your Back.

Neighbour, you have been finely flogg'd, Ha, ha, ha!

—Sir,

—Sir, you are an excellent Flogger. Ha, ha, ha!

Town. How our Cuckolds laugh at one another!

Ram. Now, I find how I lost both my Mistresses; *Eugenia* repulsed me for you, *Loveday*, and you, *Townly*, leap'd into that Lady's Saddle before me; but I am sure of my pretty Fool whene'er I can come at her.

Arab. *Eugenia*, I now spy the Hypocrite under the Veil of Devotion, I always had too good an Opinion of your Wit, to believe you were in Earnest; now we know one another better let us meet To-morrow; each confesses the whole Truth, and laugh heartily at the Folly of our Husbands.

Eug. With mine you see, how smoothly Matters went.

He is a Cuckold, cudgell'd and content.

[Exeunt Omnes.]

EPILOGUE.

Ram. *Rouze up ye drowsy Cuckolds of our Isle,*
We see your aching Hearts through your forc'd Smile;
Haste hence like Bees unto your City Hives,
And drive away the Hornets from your Wives.

Rouze, Rouze, I say, as the nobler Deer,
In Parks, when they the Noise of Hunters hear,
Join in a Herd for their Defence, and there
Erect their large Brow-Antlers in the Air.

A Vision like to that methinks i'th' Pit
I see, and every Cuckold is a Cit.

But what provok'd the Poet to this Fury,
Perhaps, he's piqu'd at by the Ignoramus Jury,
And therefore thus arraigns the noble City;

No, there are many honest, loyal, witty:

And he it spoke to their eternal Glories,

Here's not one Cuckold amongst all the Tories.

Yet still, he'll rail, and all the World will blame us,

'Till Billa Vera conquers Ignoramus:

'Till you the Bullies of a Common Wealth,

Leaves breaking Windows for a loyal Health.

No, no, the cloven Foreheads are the Whigs who send
There Wives a Billing to their Moorfields Friend.

EPILOGUE.

*The Doctrine put into 'em does so tickle,
Their pleas'd with nothing like a Conventicle.*

*Mrs. Dash. In me to' Effects of zealous Wives you see,
What say the London Wifeacres to me?*

*Mr. Dash. Your Wives of the last zealous Reformation
On Husbands Foreheads to your Reputation,
Do fix the Marks of their Predestination.
Your Zeal's all counterfeit, and nothing worth,
Altho' you have such able Holders Forth.*

*Mrs. Dood. What say you Friends unto a Wife that's witty?
Have you such Wives as I am in the City?*

*Ald. Dood. Yes, yes, by my Troth, but the more the Pity.
They'll never be content with our dull Sports,
So long as Tories visit 'em from Court.*

*Ald. Wise. Take warning too by me (dear City Friends)
A Wife like mine, will make you all amends.
A Pox all on't! mine was a Country Cheat;
The silliest of them all find out that Feat.*

*Mrs. Wise. Yes, yes, let him that does desire a Fool,
To's Wife make haste, and send her here to School.*

F I N I S



